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# THE NATION

OCTOBER 9, 1967 35 cents

Uneasy Alliance

## UNIVERSITIES AND THE PENTAGON

GABRIEL KOLKO

Into a New Phase

## Mao's Cultural Revolution

C. P. FITZGERALD

*Farewell, Ilya* ALEXANDER WERTH

●

The New Novel, USA

ROBERT K. MORRIS on JAMES PURDY

●

*New York Film Festival* HAROLD CLURMAN

ultural Cold War: Comments by Herbert Agar, Cedric Belfrage, h Mann Borgese, Malcolm Cowley, Donald E. Drake, II, Anne Fremantle, Merton, William E. Morton, Conor Cruise O'Brien, Harrison Salisbury

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# EDITORIALS

## Proposal for the Middle East

Beginning with Harry Truman and Stalin, Soviet and U.S. leaders, with some assistance from lesser potentates, have made a bear garden of the United Nations. Typically, the 22nd session of the General Assembly began with a hostile exchange between Nikolai T. Federenko and Arthur J. Goldberg, to be followed shortly by further inconclusive wrangling over the unresolved hostilities in the Middle East. One would think that in the whole wide world there is nothing constructive that can be applied to such questions, yet there is at least one promising proposal that might make the present session less sterile than the preceding ones.

More than two months ago, Admiral Lewis Strauss proposed a Middle East peace plan which C. L. Sulzberger described in a series of articles in *The New York Times* beginning July 14. The plan was sponsored by General Eisenhower, who commended it to President Johnson, who turned it over for study to Donald F. Hornig, his science-technology adviser. Since then little has been heard of it.

"In a nutshell," Sulzberger wrote, "the plan aims at permanently cooling Middle East tempers by giving something tangible to both sides and removing the fundamental causes of tension. It would provide water in huge quantities, dwarfing all present irrigation resources, to an area capable of easily absorbing more than the entire population of unhappy Arab refugees. And it would give jobs to those same refugees so they can support themselves while this Eden is being built."

Sulzberger calls the plan imaginative and dramatic, which it is, and new, which it is not. Although not specifically applied to the Middle East, it was conceived by Dr. R. Philip Hammond, a chemical engineer at the Los Alamos nuclear weapons center, more than five years ago. At that time sea water could be distilled only in small quantities because of the high cost of the heat energy required. Hammond's solution was large-scale nuclear power plants to generate electricity and, with the exhaust steam from the turbines, to operate the distillation plants.

Dr. Alvin W. Weinberg, director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory and one of America's leading scientist-engineers, borrowed Hammond from Los Alamos and set him up as head of the Saline Water Conversion Reactor Program at Oak Ridge. Weinberg publicized the development and as a member and chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, Strauss was naturally familiar with it. The pros and cons of the project were discussed in *The Nation* by Carl Dreher in "The Big Atom: Solving the Water Shortage" (December 28, 1963) and "Atomic Power: The Fear and the Promise" (March 23, 1964). In the second article Dreher wrote: "When—if ever—the Arab masses come to understand the conflict between their interests and those of their rulers and, concomitantly, the identity of their interests with those of the Jews, the North African and Arabian deserts can be transformed by nuclear distillation of sea water."

In 1955, President Eisenhower sent the late Eric Johnston to the Middle East with a scheme for joint exploitation of the waters of the Jordan River. One obstacle was that the Jordan, hardly more than a good-sized creek, does not supply enough water to satisfy the needs of either Arabs or Jews. Eisenhower now says: "This makes the Johnston Plan look like a flea against a dog." It does indeed. The nuclear program envisions three nuclear plants, the first of which alone would produce 400 million gallons of fresh water daily—more than the combined flow of the Jordan tributaries. The cost of the completed project would be less than one year's expenditure on the Apollo moon program. The nuclear plants, pipe lines, reservoirs and power lines would be built by contractors from the United States, Britain and France and perhaps the Soviet Union, with the Palestinian refugees supplying the major part of the labor force. The International Atomic Energy Agency, of which all the major belligerents in the current war are members (proving that it is not impossible for them to cooperate when there is something in it for them) would act as a TVA, supervising distribution of water, of which there would be enough for all, and power, of which there would be too much, and guarding against diversion of fissionable material for military uses.

If this will not work, it is hard to see what will. Eisenhower is well regarded in the Arab world: it was he who pulled the victorious Israelis, French and British off Nasser's back in 1956. Strauss moves in the highest financial circles in the United States and abroad. He suggests creating a chartered corporation like Comsat with the U. S. Government subscribing to half the stock, the balance to be offered in the world security markets, where Strauss believes it would be regarded as a sound investment.

No doubt in carrying out the project there would be the usual fights and recriminations but a plan so audacious, offering such palpable benefits to all the peoples of the region, can hardly be depicted as an imperialist plot. President Johnson has had time to evaluate the project. We suggest that he authorize Ambassador Goldberg to lay it before the General Assembly. Such a move would serve useful purposes. It would correct the not unfounded impression that only the specialized agencies of the UN ever entertain anything hopeful or creative. It would blow away some of the miasma which overlies the current session. And, quite possibly, it could divert the contestants from the fruitless altercation which is otherwise in prospect.

## 'End This War'

A *cri de coeur* is what one U.S. correspondent in Vietnam calls the protest against the war issued by fifty U.S. volunteers who have been working in that half-ruined country. It comes not only from the heart but from people whose patriotism can no more be impugned than their knowledge of conditions can be challenged. They have been working in Vietnam, within the context of U.S. government policies, for periods ranging up to nine years. Donald Luce arrived in 1958, and three years later became director of the International Voluntary Services



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mission there. He has won the respect of both Americans and Vietnamese. Talking to Donald Kirk of the Washington *Star,* he described his reluctant conversion to an anti-war position. He has a master's degree in agriculture and economic development from Cornell, and at first international politics was far from his thoughts—he was interested only in helping the Vietnamese improve their agricultural techniques. Ngo Dinh Diem forced Luce to think politically, and disillusionment set in. But after the United States helped dispose of Diem, Luce's confidence returned; he was "quite hawkish" for a while. His final revulsion began late in 1965.

IVS members work at the local level in education, agriculture and community development, bringing American techniques to the Vietnamese peasant. They are largely idealistic youngsters, willing to break their backs in a good cause and to live on a stipend of $80 a month. According to *Newsweek,* IVS is generally regarded as the original model for the Peace Corps. Luce, described as "an ascetic man with an intense devotion to the Vietnamese peasantry," is now quitting, and taking forty-nine others out of a total of 152 with him. They have seen the country destroyed culturally and economically by the United States presence and the bombing, strafing and shelling to which the Vietnamese are subjected by the American military. The statement which they sent to President Johnson declares: "to stay in Vietnam and remain silent is to fail to respond to the first need of the Vietnamese people—peace."

They deplore Vietcong terrorism, but it is on nothing like the scale of American terrorism—although ours is never called by that name. The volunteers object to the killing of innocent civilians by air and artillery action, to the forcible resettlement of refugees, to the "Revolutionary Development" program, which is largely run by young Vietnamese motivated, sensibly enough as far as they are concerned, by a desire to avoid the draft and to enjoy the security of a government job.

The letter makes five recommendations: de-escalate the war, stop defoliation, stop bombing, recognize the National Liberation Front, and turn the war over to an international commission and abide by its recommendations. This could hardly be more at variance with the views of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who can think of nothing but escalate, escalate, escalate. But then, the Joint Chiefs do not work with Vietnamese peasants in the rice paddies, nor do they see the shattered bodies and the shattered land.

Luce hates to leave Vietnam, but he sees no choice. He declares he does not want to be associated with the "typical" protest movement against the Vietnamese War in the United States, which he thinks is dominated by hippie types, but to talk to Lions Clubs, women's groups, church auxiliaries and other plain middle-class Americans. When he returns to the States, he will have a surprise coming to him. The hippie types make good copy and are featured in print and on television, but even now they are far outnumbered in the peace movement by the plain middle-class Americans to whom Luce proposes to address himself. He will find that thousands more are only waiting to listen to his message.

# IN THIS ISSUE

*October 9, 1967*

## EDITORIALS

322

## ARTICLES

325 Into a New Phase: Mao's Cultural Revolution — *C. P. FitzGerald*

328 Uneasy Alliance: Universities and the Pentagon — *Gabriel Kolko*

332 The Hobbit War — *Douglas J. Stewart*

334 Breakup in Nigeria — *Stanley Meisler*

337 Nuclear Power on Salmon Rivers — *Anthony Netboy*

340 The Cultural Cold War: Comments

## BOOKS & THE ARTS

342 James Purdy and the Works — *Robert K. Morris*

344 Punishing — *Nora Sayre*

344 *Do Svidanyia,* Ilya — *Alexander Werth*

346 New Light on Jesus — *Hugh J. Schonfield*

346 Rigoletto (poem) — *Florence Victor*

347 Book Marks — *Sara Blackburn*

348 Films — *Harold Clurman* and *Helen Yglesias*

351 Crossword Puzzle — *Frank W. Lewis*

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## The Troubled Army

The volunteers who could no longer stomach the horror which the United States has created in Vietnam have only praise for the Vietnamese people. The peasants, according to these young Americans who have lived among them, are strong, heroic, enduring. But these are terms that would normally be applied not to poor farmers but to the army of the nation to which they belong. Since the South Vietnamese army is necessarily recruited largely from just such peasants, one would expect that, further hardened and disciplined by training and the pride of the uniform, they would make a splendid combat force. Instead, there is almost unanimous agreement that the bulk of the ARVN is a military travesty.

The September 28 *National Observer* carries a long article titled "Inefficient, Slovenly and Lazy—The Troubled Army of South Vietnam." Ample evidence follows. There are a few good units, but overall the army is "the No. 1 scandal of the war, and it is the No. 1 failure of the American military command here." Even members of the Vietnamese officer corps subscribe to this view. Gen. Cao Van Vien, the chief of the Vietnamese joint staff, has cited his 25th Division as not only the worst in the Vietnamese army but "probably the worst in the world."

The army just doesn't want to fight. It is especially afraid of the dark, when the Vietcong is most confident. The chief trouble, the Americans agree, is with the officers. Many of these are holdovers from the French-commanded forces in Indo-China, when the chief requirement for a commission was a university degree and good family connections. Only the wealthy could belong to the officer corps for that reason, and also because the pay was so low that an independent income was a necessity. Even now, a private earns the equivalent of only $15 a month, while the average captain is paid $25, plus rice ration and housing. The housing is important because officers customarily take their families with them into the field—a strange way of going to war, but they prefer to spend the night in comparative safety with their families.

William Tuohy recently reported on this odd situation in the *Los Angeles Times*, in connection with a visit by Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel to the headquarters of a Revolutionary Development team in a Mekong Delta hamlet. The province chief, Lt. Col. Roa, said success depended on the deployment of a battalion from the 21st Vietnamese Army Division to protect the pacification activities. The U.S. adviser interrupted: "The only trouble with the battalion is that it is not guarding the hamlet's flank. It has parked itself inside the village, and there are plenty of Vietcong to the west." Kuchel had this confirmed by the Vietnamese officer. "The battalion," the U.S. adviser explained, "does not want to deploy to the west because it is more dangerous and less comfortable than settling down in the hamlet."

Such revelations are a sore embarrassment to Gen. William C. Westmoreland. He makes out as good a case as he can. The South Vietnamese army, he tells the correspondents, is "not fully effective, the way I want it to be, but they're better than they were a year ago." He doesn't say how much better, but adds stoutly, "I cannot conceive in my wildest imagination of abandoning these people," much as if they were foundlings, not soldiers.

The Vietcong, in contrast, are found to be highly disciplined—more like the peasants whom the volunteers found so admirable. The South Vietnamese army, one must conclude, is fighting (or not fighting) on the wrong side. If so, it will never improve substantially, and the suggestion often made in the States—by Sen. Charles Percy, Sen. Robert Kennedy and others—that more of the burden of the fighting should be shifted to the Vietnamese, is the stuff that dreams are made of.

## Cracking Down on Castro

In 1962, the Organization of American States expelled revolutionary Cuba from the hemispheric sodality. In 1964, it called on its members to break economic and diplomatic relations with Castro. All but Mexico have since complied. Now, amid great rejoicing in Washington, further punishment has been meted out—this time with Mexico only abstaining, not opposing, in the vote on a resolution providing for tighter controls on shipping and vigilance against subversion. Mexico did adhere to a separate resolution that called on each OAS member to bring before the United Nations instances of Cuban subversion, or any other act of interference by one UN member in the affairs of another.

A third resolution overflowed with benevolence; the stern conferees changed roles and agreed to press for economic and social development in the hemisphere. If taken seriously, this would curb Castro more effectively than sanctions, but since only the United States is a source of the funds necessary for relieving misery in Latin America, and those funds are going into the Vietnamese War, space, anti-missile systems, etc., this resolution is not likely to be worth much.

Carefully synchronized with the OAS proceedings was the beginning of the trial of M. Jules Régis Debray, charged in Bolivia with being a member of a guerrilla band headed by Ernesto Che Guevara, which has essayed to overthrow the Bolivian Government with a force apparently no longer than a few score. Debray, a 26-year-old Marxist theoretician and journalist, was captured with two companions, on the main street of a village where they were trying to hire a jeep to drive to La Paz. All were in civilian clothes and armed only with cameras. They had been with the guerrillas, who felt the three were hampering their operations and apparently stood in no need of Debray's expertise. After some routine torture, Debray's colleagues were freed, but he seems fated for a thirty-year sentence, despite the protests of the Pope, General de Gaulle, Mary McCarthy, Norman Thomas, Dwight Macdonald and other celebrities.

Several Americans, either military or CIA, are said to have been among Debray's questioners. It would have seemed smarter of them to counsel the Bolivian Government to boot him out of the country instead of making him into a *cause célèbre*, but that is not how things are done by either the Bolivians or U.S. intelligence.



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At any rate, Debray is on trial, together with Cuba, and by all indications the OAS-U.S. policy is being boosted to new heights of toughness. There are also stirrings among Cuban exiles who still hope that their host, puissant Uncle Sam, will invade Cuba for them. Some U.S. hawks, not satisfied with the embarrassments in Vietnam, would like to see such a project at an opportune time.

These views are not likely to prevail in the face of opposition in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and particularly in a subcommittee headed by Sen. Wayne Morse, who takes a generally sour view of U.S. policy in Latin America. Morse plans to hold public hearings later this year on such topics as the need to strengthen democratic institutions in the area which, as one subcommittee study suggests, have "generally been applied too cynically, too naively, or not at all." A related question that may be explored is why junta-ruled countries, such as Argentina, which are not presently troubled by guerrilla movements, are the most eager for punitive action against Cuba. Are the dictators genuinely apprehensive, or merely raising a diversion against internal activities? The subcommittee hearings should be enlightening signs.

## Labor and Peace

Recently the AFL-CIO leadership, disturbed by rank-and-file lack of interest in union activities, authorized a poll to assess the attitudes of its members. It then withheld the results until a partial disclosure in *The Wall Street Journal* prompted the *Federationist* to publish a summary, on which Ernest Calloway comments in the *Missouri Teamster*. "On balance," Calloway concludes, "the poll reveals that the composite U.S. trade union member has quietly entered the great American middle class —income-wise, issue-wise and emotionally." To a significant extent, he has become a suburbanite, economically as well as geographically.

Given this new status, labor has been no more anxious than other elements of the middle class to challenge the cold-war policies of the Administration which have been strongly supported by George Meany and his cronies. But a growing section of the rank and file, like a large section of the nonlabor middle class, has become increasingly disaffected, and of late the murmurings of protest have become quite audible.

What the rank-and-file dissidents have lacked is leadership and a program. Now the Trade Union Division of SANE has called a National Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace which will be held at the Center for Continuing Education, University of Chicago, November 11-12. Among the signers of the call are such respected trade union leaders as Frank Rosenblum of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, Patrick E. Gorman of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen, and Emil Mazey of the UAW. They point out that the diversion of $30 billion of resources a year to the war in Vietnam has "grievously undermined every program to meet the needs of our cities and has intensified the undercurrents of violence in our land." The question, of course, is whether the Chicago meeting will be merely another conference in which trade union officials with a genuine desire for peace will voice that concern, as they have done in the past, or whether they will launch a determined effort to force a break with the cold-war policies of Messrs. Meany and Lovestone. The Chicago conference will be watched with equal interest by the partisans of peace and their opponents.

INTO A NEW PHASE

# MAO'S CULTURAL REVOLUTION

**C. P. FITZGERALD**

*Mr. FitzGerald,* The Nation's *correspondent on Southeast Asian affairs, is the author, among other books, of* Revolution in China *(Praeger).*

*Canberra*

There can be no disputing that in some aspects of its operation the Cultural Revolution is now out of control. Accepting only the evidence of correspondents in China and of the Maoist press and radio, it is evident that the Red Guards are split into factions, that they are no longer a coherent instrument of policy, and that it has been necessary to call upon the army to restore order in several major cities and to prevent the brawling of opposed factions from developing into civil warfare. The Red Guards have been told to return to their home towns and villages. The attempt to open the schools, which does not seem to have achieved very much as yet, points to the need to get the young off the streets and once more under control. A date has been set from which no brawling or fighting will be permitted. All of which would be encouraging if it was certain that these orders will be obeyed. Almost the only force left which can assure that obedience is the army; it seems that at least at Canton the army has had to act openly to enforce it.

The question remains: Does this development mean a defeat for the Cultural Revolution, or as some would argue, a consolidation of the new power structure, or a concealed compromise which it is hoped will restore order while not openly repudiating the movement itself, still less denying the validity of the Thought of Mao Tse-tung? It is always possible to find texts in the "Quotations" (the little red book) which admonish against violence, arrogance, "commandism" and humiliating misguided comrades. A little emphasis on these texts could justify a firm repression of the excesses, all in the name of the Thought of Mao Tse-tung. "Face," to use that cast-off term of "feudal" times, would be saved.



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So, too, would trade and industry, which have at last begun to suffer palpably from the recent disorder. There is thus a way out, a line of retreat covered by the all-embracing Thought of Mao Tse-tung: the problem is rather whether the present leadership is willing to take it, or must be forced to do so by a worried army.

It is possible that the recent examples of what appears to be a hysterical xenophobia are intimately connected with this problem. The Cultural Revolution has stirred up a great wave of supercharged emotion, one of those recurrent phenomena in Chinese history which seem to observers so out of tune with the normal tenor of Chinese life. The last such occasion was the May 25th Movement, sparked by the shooting of student demonstrators in the streets of the International Settlement in Shanghai in May, 1925. On that occasion the whole country was suddenly, and as it seemed spontaneously, swept by a violent storm of emotional nationalism. Pickets to enforce a total boycott of British and Japanese goods appeared overnight, and for several months life for the resident foreigner in China was both unpleasant and occasionally dangerous. There were many features of 1925 which foreshadowed the Red Guards and their activities, including the persecution of Chinese regarded as collaborating with the enemy (i.e., the foreigners). The movement was never repudiated: on the contrary, both the Nationalist and Communist Parties profited by it and exploited it, but allowed it to die away when it had served their purposes and run out of steam. The cause on that occasion was the frustration of the rising national feeling in China by the privileges and position of the Treaty Powers, who became scapegoats for the failure of the revolution to achieve any positive improvement in the condition of the country.

This is not the cause of the present wave of xenophobia; the revolution of 1949 has most certainly changed many things, and improved conditions for millions of men. It is not the now virtually powerless and diminished resident foreigners who have stood in the path of Chinese aspirations. The cause of the emotional outburst today is much more world-wide and in a sense, familiar to the West, the discontent of the new educated, or half-educated generation, with the lack of opportunity to exercise their talents and obtain good jobs. The growth of population and the much swifter growth of the educated, or at least literate, proportion of the population has multiplied candidates for skilled jobs faster than the economy can provide them. The jobs tended to go to those who were most fitted for them, and these were necessarily those who, partly because they came from educated homes, did better in the educational race. They can be identified as "bourgeois" and their success attributed to revisionist influences in the hierarchy. Mao Tse-tung has used this discontent as a weapon in his ideological contest with his more cautious or less ideologically committed colleagues. It has turned in his hand.

It may be that it has been consciously deflected into xenophobic activity; better let the demonstrators burn down the British Embassy than attack the sanctums of the ruling group. After all, that was exactly what the student demonstrators of May 4, 1919, actually did, and many of the present leaders were among them. There is also the consideration that attacks upon foreign embassies, as with Burma, or riots in foreign capitals as at Rangoon, and by the staff of the London Embassy serve to prove that the personnel of the Foreign Service is not contaminated by revisionism, as they must have been accused of being, and as their association with foreign imperialists would make probable. Burma is a nonaligned country; whatever is done to Burma is not likely to drive it into the arms of the United States. It is safe to be nasty to the Burmese, and to the British also. Apart from the difficulty which any British Government, and most of all the present one, would find in repudiating the policy of the last fifteen years, by breaking relations with Peking, the Chinese can be sure that the recent outrages will not lead to real trouble. The British Embassy in Jakarta was burned down some years ago, by a very similar demonstration—only not inspired by Communists. Diplomatic immunity, like declaration of war, is becoming obsolete in the present century.

It has been asserted that the Hong Kong riots, inflamed from a minor industrial dispute by the local Communist Party, were in reality action-inspired by the dissident Canton Communist Party branch, with the intention of embarrassing Peking. Peking could hardly refrain from support, at least verbal; the Canton leaders could defend themselves against the charge of revisionism by showing that they, on the contrary, were violently anti-imperialist, and had proved it in Hong Kong. And then there is the old Canton custom, beloved of former local politicians, of making a row with Hong Kong until Peking bought one off with a better job at a great distance from that colony. With Canton itself in a ferment of political strife it may also be helpful to discharge some of the fury upon Hong Kong. If a face-saving victory could be won by wringing some concession from the British there, it would deflect attention from the awkward fact that no action is taken to oppose or contest the U.S. bombing of places very close to the Chinese frontier. Volunteers for Hong Kong are one thing; volunteers for Vietnam quite another. It must be clear both to the army and to Mao and his advisers that any event could turn the present emotional fervor against more important enemies than the Hong Kong police.

China, with disrupted or disorganized communications, political strife at a high pitch, and falling trade returns and industrial production, is not at this time well placed to intervene in the Vietnamese War. It has long been evident that the leadership had no intention of doing so unless forced into war by an American invasion of China. It has never been entirely clear that even an invasion of North Vietnam would have this consequence. The risk attending on that operation may well come from Russia rather than China. But it would be unwise to count on Chinese passivity. There is first the danger that some incident which in South China appeared to be the preliminary to, or even the opening act of an invasion, could lead to an outburst of emotional nationalism which would sweep the local leadership, both civil and military, into unguarded action. Peking might find



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it as difficult to repudiate such action as it has found it hard to discountenance the Hong Kong riots and bombings. There is also the risk that if the next phase of the Cultural Revolution marks a clear defeat for the Mao group, which cannot be concealed by any compromise, the last card they could play before accepting such a setback would be the appeal, "the nation is in danger," arm against the impending invasion, and then proceed to precipitate a crisis. To some observers it also seems that the assumption that China will not retaliate or respond forcefully to nearby bombing is a surrogate for avoiding the other reality of the Vietnamese War—that it is Russia, not China, which is sending the really significant arms supply to North Vietnam, and that it is the port of Haiphong, not the vicinity of the Chinese frontier, which is the key target for bombing.

It is, of course, a great deal too early to feel assured that the present phase of the Cultural Revolution is either the last or affords any clear evidence of being one in which the ideas and leadership of Mao Tse-tung are being rejected. The flood of distorted news from right-wing Hong Kong newspapers, Taiwan papers or the Russian press, which comes forth every day, has still yielded no firm and certain conviction that the disorders have attained the scale of real armed uprising, rather than faction brawling among the Red Guards and other elements which the Cultural Revolution has activated. There does appear, from the radio and press of Peking, much clearer proof of a determination to bring these disorders to an end by using the power of the armed forces if necessary. This situation could therefore end in a restoration of full control by Peking and, in effect, by Mao Tse-tung and his group of leaders. It has never been clear that this leadership cannot change course if the signs make such a change advisable. It has also never been certain that they necessarily represent the most intransigent element in the conduct of Chinese relations with other parts of the world. It is, for example, almost certain that the troubles of Hong Kong were instigated and sustained by an opposition faction.

The generally cautious line pursued by China in relation to the war in Vietnam, the purely defensive reaction to occasional intrusion in the air, continue to suggest that in all major matters, those which really could endanger the state, the policy of Peking is under strict control. There is recent evidence that even in respect of Hong Kong, pressure is now being brought to bear to end the more extreme anti-British manifestations. It is very unlikely that China really wants to take over Hong Kong, with all its social and economic problems, at this juncture, especially as the time before the end of the Leases of the New Territories (1998) is now relatively short. Unofficial observers cannot tell whether China's restraint in the matter of Vietnam has been reinforced by private communications, through the Warsaw contacts, indicating that the United States has no intention of escalating the war into an attack upon China; nor, if this is so, whether such assurances would be accepted and credited. It is clearly not in China's interest to promote a further spread of the war, which from its point of view is still far from lost, if not actually stalemated.

Throughout the whole course of the Cultural Revolution there have always been areas of the national life which appear not to have been affected in any significant way by the excesses and emotional character of the political struggle. The Chinese nuclear weapons program proceeded efficiently and with more speed than most outside observers anticipated. This is not an operation which can be carried forward under chaotic internal conditions. Until very recently foreign trade with the "imperialists" continued uninterrupted and very little delayed. No critic has yet suggested that the revenue-collecting capacity of the Chinese treasury has suffered

King, Daily Telegraph (Australia): Ben Roth

*"But We've Already Retaliated Against the British Embassy—We Burned it Down Last Week"*



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a serious dislocation. It may well be that the disruption caused by the political contest and highlighted by attacks upon diplomatic personnel and property obscures the real view of the condition of the country. The Red Guard movement has outlived its political utility and become a nuisance. It is not yet certain that it has been more than that, or that it cannot be disbanded or suppressed. Or it may be allowed to decline into obscurity, which would be more in accord with the methods of the Chinese revolutionary movement and not the first example in the process of passing from one phase to the next.

UNEASY ALLIANCE

# UNIVERSITIES and the PENTAGON

**GABRIEL KOLKO**

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If the Second World War brought the American military and universities together in an intensive manner for the first time, the permanent crisis of the cold war solidified that relationship and posed a basic threat to the very nature of the university by making it critical to the character of war and the global crisis of our generation. As World War II ended, President Truman's science adviser, Vannevar Bush, reflecting the interests of the new civilian scientific managers of the vast military research programs, urged a peacetime continuation of civilian-controlled military research centers. During the spring of 1946, General Eisenhower, on behalf of the Army, made the fundamental decision that "there appears little reason for duplicating within the Army an outside organization which by its experience is better qualified than we are to carry out some of our tasks." Modern warfare required a high level of scientific research, and the military would "find much of the talent we need for comprehensive planning in industry and universities," via contracts and support to "broad research programs in educational institutions. . . ." There was never any illusion as to the rationale for such support, for the Pentagon often repeated in subsequent years that the Department of Defense would finance university research "in order to get results that will strengthen the national defense, and not as a contribution to higher education."

By fiscal 1964 Department of Defense grants to universities totaled $401 million, only twenty-five schools received more than three-quarters of the total, and the universities had become the heart of the Pentagon's expenditures for "basic research" designed to open the frontiers of science to new weapons systems and concepts. This critical dependence of the Pentagon and industry on the university over two decades means that the restoration of the university to its prewar role would cause a virtual revolution in U.S. military research structure.

As the nature of modern warfare changes from confrontations between technological powers in a state of mutual terror and unstable balance to wars against guerrillas, the Pentagon's needs have shifted increasingly from military hardware that has so far failed to bring victory in Vietnam to socio-economic "soft wares" that Washington hopes will compensate for the ideological and human superiority of guerrilla movements. And since only the university possesses the necessary social scientists for such research, it may fairly be argued that the Pentagon will increasingly need the university far more than the academy will require Defense Department funds.

The costs of military research to the university are of a very different magnitude, for the modern university is an enormously complex, incongruous and fragile institution: it embodies medieval corporatist notions of faculty control, Renaissance dedication to universality and truth, and big-business styles of operation and administration. It must still educate students, and without the cynicism which its inconsistent reality increasingly warrants. For all this diversity, the ultimate limitation on the conduct of a university in relation to the Pentagon or society is its obligation to create an educational environment and to honor the commitments of the majority of its faculty. For the university is not only the weakest part of the Pentagon's research apparatus; precisely because military research is inherently foreign to it, it is today the only vulnerable institution in the cold-war syndrome.

The critical weakness in the uneasy marriage between the American university and the Pentagon is the faculty and a set of humanistic obligations no one is willing formally to abandon for fear of destroying the very structure itself. Despite the general impotence of faculty consultative bodies, the real strength of the faculty in the top fifty or so schools rests with their highly favorable position in the academic market place, their relatively free mobility and their tenure. A faculty can apply pressures beyond the range and even the conception of students and they often get money and grants quite independently of the university. Their cooperation and morale is the very heart of the university, and no administrator can afford to treat it lightly. There are few great universities incapable of operating without military contracts, but none can exist without a faculty that alone determines that institution's standing and future.

If the one comprehensive study of the cost of government research to a major Ivy League school is an indication, the vast majority of faculty not engaged in contract research would gain appreciably by a divorce between university and Pentagon. Contract overhead allowances usually do not cover real but indirect costs difficult to



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measure, and it is primarily the teaching-heavy social sciences and humanities that make up the substantial deficit out of their tuition income and poorer working conditions. Beyond this, however, are the ethics and values which draw many scientists and academics to the university despite, quite often, banality, poor pay and hard toil. Most academics, including the scientists, do not care for the discipline and secrecy of government or business, and this group is the natural ally of those who seek a restoration of the university's independence and a reassertion of its ultimate dedication to humanist values in a manner that can remove the existing compromise with the cold war from a significant fraction of the university community. Such a process may go further in revitalizing the American university than any of the currently fashionable proposals for internal reform which assume that one can divorce the university from its structural setting.

The intellectual costs of Pentagon-sponsored research to the academic community are likely to increase with growing government dependence on the social scientists for "soft ware." Academic freedom is inherently incompatible with military research, and not merely because of the security clearance provisions which divide the faculty into those with and those without, or even because such research dissolves the concept of *community* into one of necessarily isolated, autonomous and secretive fractions, but because the essence of freedom and creativity is the ability of the scholar to decide, in the manner, place and time of *his own* choosing, what research to do and how to release the product of his efforts. The Pentagon has its own criteria, both for subject and faculty loyalty, and it imposes its priorities and decisions on the autonomy of the university. Academic freedom is based on self-motivation as well as freedom to publish, and requires a discriminating selectivity of problems of significance beyond those written into contract specifications. The classified research which comprises the most dangerous of Pentagon contracts by no means exhausts the threat to the university, for quite as critical is the matter of initiatives, possible external controls and, to an increasing extent, purposes.

Military research also violates the sensibilities of ever-growing numbers of faculty who see in the Vietnamese War and the general conduct and assumptions of American foreign policy a negation of their own attitudes and commitments. It is this group that has filled a vast number of costly ads in *The New York Times* and must now realize that there is almost a direct relationship between the size of their protests and escalation of the war. Numbers are purely speculative, but most university people abhor any hint of personal culpability for a war more and more of them oppose, and even if they are not united on what they would have the President do, they are quite certain that their university should not be a part of the miserable business of implementing American policy abroad. To some, myself included, the position is that one cannot hope or wait for Washington to alter its course in Vietnam before military exigencies leave it no alternative, and that America's ability to impose its design in Vietnam promises repetitions in Asia or Latin America that will define the relationship of men of conscience to the government and shape both the quality of our society and the peace of the world for decades to come. Given the utter futility of "positive" suggestions to Washington, the question has now been shifted from chimerical illusions about what one would like the government to do to what we would like to see it unable to do. Strong existential protests and rhetoric—which I fully favor—scarcely alter the ability of Washington to do as it pleases. The university is the one area of American institutional life in which there is any possibility of inhibiting Washington's disastrous course and refusing to abet it. And here, for all the reasons mentioned above, success *is* possible.

In fiscal 1964 the University of Pennsylvania ranked only eleventh in Defense Department university grants, but its Institute for Cooperative Research (ICR), by virtue of over a decade's experience, was a vital center of chemical-biological (CB) warfare development. Its work in creating total CB weapons and delivery systems made it critical to the overall work of the Chemical Corps. The ICR was the only university establishment in the country doing classified research in defoliation and herbicides. It was especially interested in the use of anti-crop chemicals in Vietnam, and it did other studies in psychochemical warfare and military technology. If its CB contracts in 1965 were less than $1 million, and its staff only about forty persons, the ICR's own research and subcontracts with Cornell involved such topics as target selection in Vietnam, from which it received much of its field data. Although its published reports revealed the contours of its work, not until September, 1965, did the majority of the faculty and students realize such an institute existed on campus. Despite clumsy efforts by the ICR's executives and Penn administration to deny that ICR was working on classified research, much less CB warfare in Vietnam, by late October both student and faculty pressures were becoming too great to be ignored.

The students immediately released all the documents they had or could find and held several very large demonstrations, but by the end of 1965 they had essentially exhausted their levers for applying pressures. The faculty opponents to the ICR at first consisted only of four individuals—two from the sciences—ready to devote necessary time to the effort. They could call upon a larger group, but at no time was the faculty able to create a permanent protest committee. Despite the seemingly indifferent faculty response, these critics distributed a prodigious documentation on the ICR, secrecy in the university and the status of chemical warfare in general.

By early November this group forced the issue to the largest faculty senate meeting in many years. President Gaylord P. Harnwell proposed a resolution, which he described as a prohibition on contracts the results of which were not freely publishable. Obscure in terminology, he implied, but did not clearly state, that the policy would eliminate classified research at ICR. The senate passed the Harnwell resolution by a large majority, along with another asking the administration to apply it to the ICR, because most understood it to be a tactful elimination of the controversial research. What was significant in the vote was merely that the faculty opposed classified re-



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search, and when Harnwell several weeks later maintained that the ICR's work would continue, he hoped the faculty would forget the issue.

Given the nonbinding character and vagueness of Harnwell's own resolution, nothing at Penn changed. The original, uncompromising faculty opponents to the ICR continued to produce documentation for the faculty and cultivated the local and national press. The ICR's work was a matter of the Vietnamese War as well as classification, and the four key workers never ceased to regard it in this light. While the *Philadelphia Bulletin* followed the entire controversy in detail, in February, 1966, *Scientific American* first gave it national coverage. By May, 1966, the official leadership of the faculty senate had failed in their gentle efforts to create a meaningful review board to consider future classified contracts. Their caution was seemingly mocked by the renewal of the CB contracts in April and the persistently honest but tactless statements of the director of the CB research, Prof. Knut Krieger, that "the emphasis of the studies while originally very military in purpose have become even more so." Krieger proudly gave journalists and faculty the fine details of the ICR's work in Vietnam, as well as information on advanced projects in biological warfare, and faculty opponents discovered in Professor Krieger an unwitting and important ally. As he added fuel to the fire, the entire faculty became concerned that the controversy would irreparably damage Penn's national reputation and cause its teaching and research to suffer.

In August, 1966, *Ramparts* published a detailed account of the work of the ICR, spreading its focus to the CIA's contacts with Penn's Foreign Policy Research Institute. *The New York Times,* national press services and numerous weeklies descended on what was now the most publicized campus in the United States. On September 4, in a release which made the top of page 1 of *The New York Times,* Harnwell announced the abolition of the ICR and the creation of a hand-picked review board to assure that "all research must be freely publishable." This time the attitude of faculty opponents was too mistrustful not to greet the announcement with reserve. What would happen to existing contracts? Would the review board's decisions be binding? The Pentagon immediately stated that Penn was still doing CB research, along with at least thirty-eight other universities. The faculty was horrified at the international publicity and the false claims of reform.

By this point it was clear to many faculty opponents that a final settlement would require a stand from the as yet unheard from trustees, and that only direct pressures on the university were appropriate. During January of this year, without informing the review board or the provost, Harnwell secretly renewed one of the controversial CB contracts until March, 1969, information that was kept confidential for several more months. In mid-February, a group of at least twenty faculty members proclaimed that they would march in the forthcoming commencement wearing gas masks unless Penn abolished CB research work. If anything was representative of the total collapse of faculty-administration relations, this brilliant, perhaps decisive, gesture reflected it. On March 14, in a step designed to stop the masked faculty demonstrators, President Harnwell released a statement to the press indicating that Penn would not renew its CB contracts, which he claimed would expire within a year. The faculty agreed to call off their protest, and prematurely congratulated the president.

Within a few days a skeptical *Philadelphia Bulletin* reporter revealed the secret contract renewal, much to the distress of the entire faculty, students and a good portion of the key administrators who first learned of it from the press. The review board threatened to resign, Harnwell's vice president for government contracts offered to quit as a sacrifice, and by the end of March Harnwell offered to settle the problem by moving the research down the street to the Penn-controlled Science Center.

No one was satisfied, and during April it appeared indeed as if Penn would soon be paralyzed. The faculty senate quickly convened and overwhelmingly passed a resolution, described by the moderate senate chairman as "one step below censure" of Harnwell, demanding an end to CB research. A faculty gas-mask protest was again threatened, and on April 26 more than 100 students organized a sit-in in the administration building, expanding it into a highly publicized sleep-in in Harnwell's office several nights later.

The inevitable followed shortly thereafter, for the university was sacrificing its entire academic life for chemical and biological warfare research which, *Science* had revealed the prior January, cost the university as much as $50,000 a year of its own funds and had now brought it near chaos. Unknown to most, however, was the fact that at least some departments were experiencing difficulty in hiring new faculty because of the ICR scandal and that a number of senior Penn faculty were openly threatening to leave. More than 100 alumni had written to the university protesting the existence of CB research, and the three local Quaker colleges had objected to moving the ICR's work to the Science Center, in which they were small stockholders. On May 4, the Penn trustees met and voted 39 to 1 to cancel or transfer chemical warfare research as soon as possible, but not to the Science Center. As of this time, no university or research center has agreed to take the Penn CB contracts, and the research has ceased.

The critical element in the abolition of chemical warfare research at Penn was faculty persistence and their refusal to quit once normal and traditionally ineffective channels of communication had broken down. The student pressure was of great assistance, but less durable, and there was little communication and no coordination between faculty and students. Publicity was vital, aided by the relation of the Vietnamese War to the controversial research, but the declining morale of the faculty (as well as the realization that hiring would become more difficult) was no less essential in widening the split in administrative ranks very late in the struggle.

To the Department of Defense the Penn experience was an unhappy one, but their only comment in 1966 was: "We could get along without Penn but we're not



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very anxious to try." During the House Committee on Appropriations hearings on the Defense budget last March, Congressmen confronted John F. Foster, Jr., director of Defense Research at the Pentagon, with questions on Penn and the possibility of its becoming a precedent, which revealed the military's need for all university research. Foster was "disappointed" that Penn was considering dropping the CB contracts, but hoped they might continue their unclassified contracts. "Have you given any thought to taking it all away from them if they will not do the classified part?" one Congressman asked; "I do not think that would help us. We need their help . . . . I am grateful for that which they are willing to do." Rear Admiral J. K. Leydon, chief of Naval Research, was somewhat less tranquil several weeks later: "We have . . . been watching very carefully the manifestations that have been coming up in university circles . . . such as the recent publicity at the University of Pennsylvania." Foster, for his part, insisted there was no connection between the resistance to military research and the Vietnamese War, a point he stressed despite the repeated quotations of Penn faculty leaders on the subject in *The New York Times,* and the fact that the anti-ICR leaders were well-known anti-war activists. For the Pentagon to concede that anti-war activity could take this form was to open Pandora's box to the greatest challenge to military research it has confronted in two decades.

No cause is easier to advance than a respectable one. In calling for a return to traditional academic aims and commitments, *The New York Times* and McGraw-Hill's *Scientific Research* editorially praised the objectives of Penn's anti-war and anti-secret-research leaders. No strategy of direct interference with the Pentagon's work is likely to achieve such recognition—much less one that permanently alters the operations of an institution. Given this combination of relevance, respectability and the tactical power of the faculty, over the past year there have been similar manifestations of resistance elsewhere.

At Stanford, Montana and Cornell, to name a few, faculty members have already stimulated efforts to alter existing university-Pentagon relations over the past two years, and other activities are under way. Last November the American Anthropological Association (AAA) prodded by its former president, Ralph L. Beals, initiated a movement to prevent the CIA and Pentagon from continuing to exploit the profession. Dr. Beals insisted that anthropologists reveal not only the sponsorship but also "the purposes of their research," a formulation that goes far beyond mere classification. Early this year the AAA came out against classified research, as well as contracts not related to normal, self-defined research.

Stimulated in part by the revelations on CIA utilization of various contracts, the American Association of University Professors last April urged a comprehensive university reconsideration of all military contracts and their impact on the "autonomy and freedom of academic societies," and this year's session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science has scheduled a full-scale discussion of the issue.

Above all, faculty protest over the relation of the university to the military is likely to grow because of the desire of many academics to resist the war and because the Pentagon has embarked on an important effort—"Project THEMIS"—to incorporate a much larger number of American universities into military research.

Every Defense Department-sponsored project relates to some military problem or system of interest to the Pentagon, and no scientist can assume otherwise. THEMIS' work, ranging from advanced explosives technology to military vehicles, includes the social sciences as well. The Pentagon hopes to find new universities with sufficiently large staffs to engage in these studies and "carry out high-quality research on problems related to national defense." It has allocated $20 million for THEMIS in fiscal 1967, and it has received 477 project proposals from 171 different universities, fifty of which have been selected for this year, with the Pentagon assuming their full costs the first two years and the universities two-thirds of the costs the remaining two. The Pentagon ultimately plans to grant 200 contracts over four years, mainly to hitherto uninvolved universities, all of which they can classify if necessary.

The nature of the university is such that even if a small number wish to accept military research the faculty can define the rules binding on the entire community. And since they need not direct their appeals on the matter to a historically indifferent Washington, but to university administrators who are naturally more responsive and, if



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necessary, vulnerable, such faculty power means that as they reject military research, whether for political or traditional reasons, they can hope to redefine the relationship of the university to the Defense Department.

When university administrators realize that there is a new breed of faculty willing to discomfit them—and themselves—with embarrassing questions and protests concerning the overall commitments of a school, and ultimately willing to boycott the worst offenders by refusing to stay or move there, then a basis will exist for the transformation of the American university, for many of the most distinguished and promising scholars oppose military research and the war in Vietnam.

The objectives of the resistance to military research should be to: (a) freeze and, where possible, eliminate existing contracts among the top twenty-five recipients; (b) exclude military research from those not already taking it, and in particular to prevent the implementation of THEMIS; (c) create a stigma and ethic among faculty and students concerning participation in military research in the university and outside of it, and ostracize those who insist on pursuing such research.

If the Penn experience is any indication, the faculty can convince or pressure many of the largest universities into giving up classified research, and for such centers as MIT, too economically committed to compromise, only refusal to work there will suffice. Once university administrators realize Pentagon research risks serious repercussions from the remainder of the faculty, they will carefully screen future contract requests before lightly undertaking to repeat the experience of Penn.

As a matter of routine, autonomous faculty-controlled review boards should scrutinize all contracts originating with or proposed to the Defense Department, State Department, CIA and Atomic Energy Commission. Such boards should have the power to survey and, if necessary, reject all contract proposals incompatible with the larger goals and assumptions of the university. This means far more than classified contracts, which is a convenient and easily exploited tactical lever that partially avoids confronting the basic issues of principle. All projects should be publicly explicit as to their purpose and ultimate end, and the Pentagon should indicate what use it intends making of unclassified research so that the scholar and his peers may evaluate its relevance and the commitments such work subsumes. Much social science "soft ware" is not secret, but insofar as military-sponsored research in all fields violates the scholar's values, he should never willingly permit his work to become a means of causing rather than curing, or even merely neutrally observing, man's physical and social ills, and such research should be discouraged. From this viewpoint, the *purpose* of research is quite as relevant as the security provisions and free publishability, and all Defense Department and CIA contracts must be disqualified.

Information on the military research activities in various universities may be obtained from the Pentagon's *Technical Abstracts Bulletin,* often in annual or institute reports to each university president, or from the administration itself. *All* faculty senates should endorse a firm policy on the matter to guide their administrators, most of whom would appreciate avoiding traps such as those that befell Penn's administration and who will confront a growing number of them in coming months. In finding such information, in taking such stands, the American university community may rediscover its own essential purpose and prepare the way for its own renaissance. It may also serve as the last important institutional refuge for the preservation of civilized values and conduct in America today.

# THE HOBBIT WAR

**DOUGLAS J. STEWART**
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Now I know why I dislike fairy tales in general and hate Tolkien's *The Lord of the Ring* trilogy with passionate particularity. And to thank for my enlightenment I have none other than the eminent folklorist, Gen. William Westmoreland, for saying things like this in his speech before Congress: "Backed at home by resolve, confidence, patience, determination and continued support, we will prevail in Vietnam over the Communist aggressor!" Who says? Countless military adventures in history have begun backed by resolve, confidence, patience, support, etc., and have met ignominous defeat, perhaps *because* the men who initiated operations depended upon these things instead of skill, an intelligent assessment of the adversary, and an ability to think their strategies through. Confidence, patience, support and the like are not military but religious terms. Religious in the sense of ritualistic and magical postures that some people hold to be effective outside the normal laws of nature.

Tolkien's endless tale of the *Ring,* like the Vietnamese War, depends for its movement and rationale upon a thoroughly muddled concept of causality. Both begin by assuming that "Good" and "Evil" are substantive things, quite apart from the good or evil moral condition of particular men (or "beings," recalling all those elves, orcs and similar truck), and that they are *in themselves* the causes of events; moreover, that their "powers" (Tolkien's favorite word) can be deposited in possessed, unfree beings (Dark Riders, Vietcong) or in nonconscious *things* (the *Ring,* "communism") which are more truly efficacious, especially on the side of Evil, than conscious acts of the merely rational. Tolkien's cosmos, much like the State Department's, supports two wholly separate causal systems: the dialectical conflict of Good and Evil objectified, and that of finite intelligences performing a largely illusionary caricature of ritual deliberation, choice and act. But the latter never really meant anything, since



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Good and Evil "powers" are the true causal agents in the world. Frodo is *sent,* for reasons he doesn't understand (and isn't supposed to understand: it would be too much for him to bear, which makes him remarkably like a modern GI) to do he hardly knows what, by means he can barely guess. But he is on the side of "Good," and if he doesn't lose heart the Good will prevail over the Evil of the land of Mordor and its wicked ruler, Sauron.

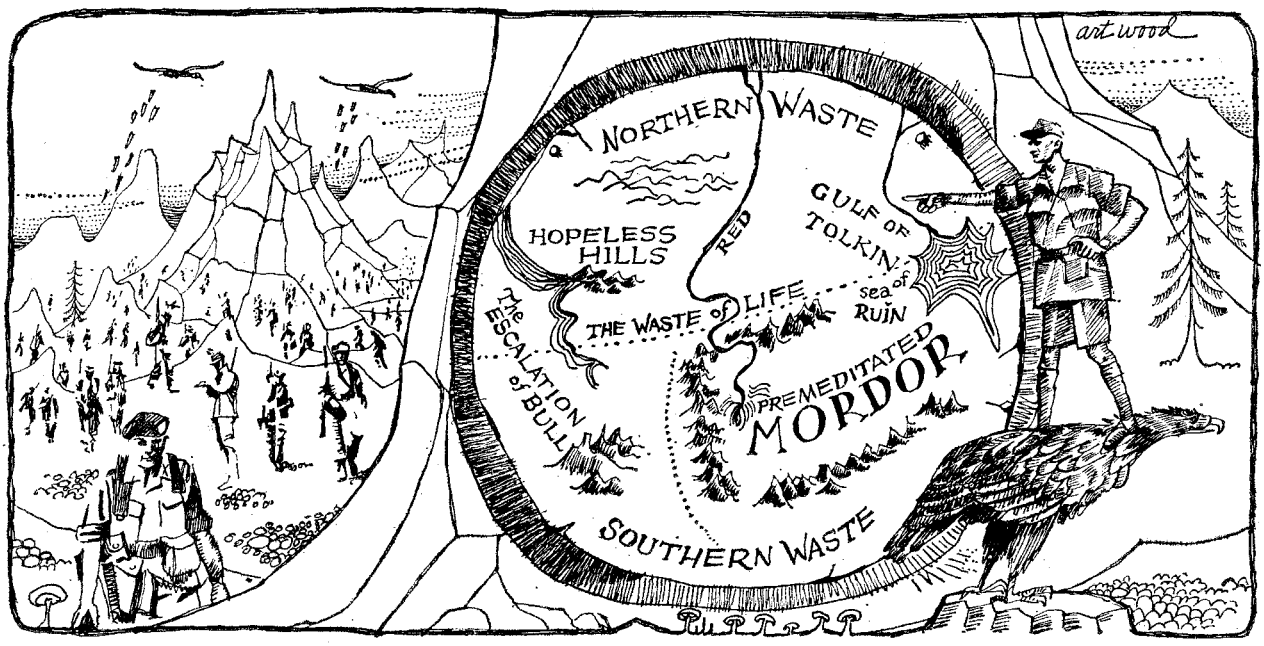
Likewise in Vietnam, we are sent to do battle with the Evil of communism. Like Frodo we *know* that communism is intrinsically Evil because someone told us so. And we go armed with about as much tactical understanding as Frodo's supercilious friends allow him. We find that we are fighting for the "freedom" of a nation that is not free and is not a nation, with a battle plan that at best ignores topography, political traditions, history and even flora—and at worst, with what is no plan at all but a crusade, which is to say a parade meant to display our moral intentions rather than to achieve rational ends. But since we stand for Good and *they* stand for Evil, the degree of intelligence we display, or fail to, does not count for or against us: sheer will is all.

But fighting for Good against Evil, and not against the finite ambitions of finite rational creatures, we are therefore fighting an enemy *by definition,* and not by practical circumstance, which means in turn that we can really imagine no satisfactory outcome short of Evil's disappearance (for all our brave talk of peace, we will permit peace only to a South Vietnam cleansed of "communism," and that, by our own admission, would leave little of the country and few of the people standing). But the VC and Ho Chi Minh do not want to disappear, and cannot be made to do so except through nuclear obliteration which is not (as yet) acceptable. The reason they can't is their entirely reasonable feeling that *they are* Vietnam insofar as anybody can make that claim. That they call themselves "Communists" is hugely irrelevant. Surely the most intriguing statistic of the war is that by

> Word has come from Prof. J.R.R. Tolkien in England that the fame of *The Lord of the Rings* has penetrated to South Vietnam. The Vietnamese Second Corps, led by General Loc, has taken the lidless eye of Sauron as its battle emblem. Sauron is one of the more villainous characters in Tolkien's fantasy, which is perhaps a little unfortunate from the point of view of American-South Vietnamese public relations. What happened, apparently, is that an American special service officer in Darlac province tried to improve his Vietnamese by translating *The Lord of the Rings* into it. The local Vietnamese people became quite enthusiastic about Tolkien mythology and are adopting it as their own.
>
> *Publishers' Weekly, September 4*

Administration figures we have killed the entire estimated 1961 strength of the VC three (or is it four?) times over. This says that just about everybody who isn't making a pile in Saigon right now is a VC and hence a Communist. An insane definition of a Communist and an appalling fact to face militarily: the whole country has become Mordor. But in Tolkien's windy tale, Mordor exists only *to be destroyed*! Being Evil Itself, it has no other narrative purpose. Maybe our strategists have barely enough rationality left to acknowledge when challenged directly that you can't very well "defend" a country which, on your own premises, should not exist at all. But our military operations, which are hatched not in public debate but in the depths of "security," are destroying both North and South Vietnam piecemeal—and so we know that folklore rather than reason is the actual guide of our military actions. Reason after all belongs only to that second and unefficacious level of causation; it is inferior to the magic powers of Good and Evil in themselves, and we are sure that stupidity is an honorable enough badge of our Goodness, since it so often is in folk tales.

Whatever its exact connection with Hanoi and Ho may



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be, the fact is that the VC is the most viable and credible political force in South Vietnam. It unaccountably holds the loyalty of the people, fights much more cleverly than we do with much poorer equipment, and knows how to control most of the country, which we manifestly do not. These facts, if we could act rationally, should suggest that the VC must be dealt with on a level of diplomacy that recognizes its political reality and brings to bear a political sagacity of our own. Such sagacity, at the minimum, would exclude our supporting a pack of military clowns in Saigon, attempting to "pacify" a civilized and dignified people by herding them into the equivalent of Indian reservations, and employing the fire power of a mechanized army on the European model to destroy rural villages. But we have Good on our side and we refuse to think—it's against the rules of the game. We ignore facts and reason and, fleeing to the refuge of magical categories, posit a diabolical system of repression, thought control, and even a kind of Black Magic emanating from Hanoi to explain our frustrations. It couldn't be that we just don't know what we are doing: the fact that we are Good guarantees against that!

If only we can establish clearly enough our allegiance to the Good by symbolic acts like confidence and "support" (that baffling and noncommunicative word), then none of our failures or blunders will matter. And suppression of domestic dissent might not be a bad idea, either: in a world governed not by natural laws but by sympathetic magic *that* surely would prove to the powers of the air that our commitment to Good is total and uncontaminated. But apparently our magic is not yet good or pure enough. What General Westmoreland's message really means is this: we must purify our intent and develop a greater degree of religious enthusiasm for the war, because religious wars must pursue victory at all costs and this is a religious war if there ever was one.

We must steel ourselves to the war's inanities and cruelties because, given enough patience, confidence and support, if the good General and his troops, like half a million Frodos, are permitted to roam long enough over the Vietnamese landscape, they will eventually find that damn volcano and can drop into it the magic ring. Then Good will triumph and Communist Mordor will blow itself up and Ho Chi Sauron will go away and we can stop scratching our simplistic moral itch. But that only happens in fairy tales.

# BREAKUP IN NIGERIA

**STANLEY MEISLER**
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*Nairobi*

Two simple posters explain the civil war in Nigeria. The first, a thin strip, was glued to the walls and windows of most public buildings in Enugu, the capital of Eastern Nigeria, a few weeks before the region seceded on May 30 to become the Republic of Biafra. The poster shows four men. Three look alike, obviously Ibos, the dominant tribe of the east. The fourth man is a Hausa from Northern Nigeria. "This Is Your Region," the poster says, "Report Any Strange Face to the Police."

The second poster, a little larger and more colorful, was slapped all over Lagos, the federal capital of Nigeria, a few weeks before federal troops invaded Biafra on July 6, the beginning of the civil war. This poster shows a monstrous drawing of the severed head of Col. Odumegwu Ojukwu, the ruler of Biafra, lying under the heavy combat boot of a Nigerian soldier. "Crush Rebellion," the poster says.

The first poster reflects the intense tribal feeling of the Ibos of Eastern Nigeria. They are enraged and bitter over the massacre of thousands of Ibos in Northern Nigeria last year. They believe the other tribes of Nigeria would wipe them out if they could. For this reason, the Ibos feel they are fighting for their survival.

But in Lagos, just 270 miles from Iboland, the federal military rulers and their civil servants, now mostly from the north, refuse to acknowledge that this emotionalism exists. In their view, as the second poster shows, a gangster named Ojukwu is stirring up the Ibos. Crush them, and all the problems of Nigeria go away.

This fear and distrust and resentment and rage in the Ibos and the federal government's failure to understand or even acknowledge it are the reasons why Nigeria, the most populous country in Africa, and potentially one of the richest, is destroying itself in civil war. It is also why the federal government believed, at the beginning, that it could march into Enugu swiftly and cleanly, string up Ojukwu, and end the secession. The resistance of Ibo civilians has astonished the federal government, bogged down the federal army, and perhaps presaged a long, bloody and tormenting guerrilla war, like that in Vietnam.

The roots of the civil war go back to the coup of January 15, 1966, when young officers of the Nigerian army overthrew the government and murdered several leading politicians, including Prime Minister Abubakar Tafawa Balewa and the northern regional leader, the Sardauna of Sokoto, probably the most powerful politician in the country. Although many of the young officers were Ibo, it was not an Ibo coup. The plotters came from the large class of educated young men, mostly southerners, who were incensed at that time over the inefficiency, greed and corruption of the politicians and over the domination by the Moslem, backward, feudal northern region. Most southern tribesmen, whether Ibo or not, rejoiced over the uprising. The young officers had planned to form a government led by Chief Obafemi



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Awolowo, the old Yoruba leader, who had been jailed by the federal government on charges of plotting its overthrow. But Major General Aguiyisi Ironsi, the Ibo who commanded the army, stepped in to end the young officers' coup and take over the government itself.

During Ironsi's reign, many of the key jobs in government went to Ibos; mostly because of their ability but partly because of their clannishness, one Ibo making sure another filled the opening in a ministry. The Ibos' aggressiveness in the new government intensified the dislike that most tribes in Nigeria had for Ibos for many years.

The Ibos like to think of themselves as the Jews of Africa. They are a hard-working, aggressive people, with a thirst for education and its rewards, a willingness to take any job anywhere if it seems to lead to something better and, perhaps most important and most unusual in Africa, an avid acceptance of new techniques and ideas. Unlike the case in most African tribes, status in traditional Ibo society depended on what a man achieved in his lifetime, not on his inherited titles, caste or wealth. In that kind of achieving society, individuals usually have freedom to try new ways to get ahead and win status.

When colonialism came, the Ibos quickly accepted Christian missionaries and their schools, recognizing this new way to achieve status. Over the years, Ibos became the professionals, the foremen, the businessmen and the skilled artisans of Nigeria. This was particularly true in Northern Nigeria, so backward that it had to depend on outsiders—Ibos and Europeans—to run its railroads, its shops, its schools, its offices. Like the Jews of Harlem or the Asians of East Africa or the Chinese of Southeast Asia, the Ibos were the prominent outsiders in the economic life of the dominant population and, like the others, they were hated.

On July 29, 1966, northern officers of the army staged a second coup, killing Ironsi and a good number of Ibo officers. Lt. Col. Yakubu Gowon, a 31-year-old Christian of a minority tribe in the north, took over the government. Two months later, Hausas and other northern tribesmen struck out at the Ibos in their midst.

The Ibos say that 30,000 were killed in this massacre, which Biafra now calls the "Nigerian pogrom." According to photographs published by the eastern region, Ibos were decapitated, dismembered, gouged, emasculated and burned alive. The northerners used guns, daggers, machetes, axes, sticks, bayonets and spears to flail, maim and kill their victims. Almost 2 million Ibos left their homes and businesses throughout Nigeria and returned to their tribal homeland in Eastern Nigeria. It was clear to them that there was no safety for them in the rest of Nigeria.

The massacre made it impossible for Nigeria to stay together as a federation, for the Ibos now refused to take part in any political arrangement that failed to give them full control over their security and their future. In the eight months between the massacre and the secession, there was some chance of working out a confederation that gave the Ibos sovereignty yet kept the regions together in an economic union. But, for several reasons, the chance was squandered.

The federal failure to sense the depth of anger in the east was the most important. The Ibos just seemed unreasonable to officials in Lagos. "Why don't they let bygones be bygones?" one official asked me, as if the Ibos were children nursing a grudge over a harmless prank. To make matters worse, federal officials, especially northerners, never seemed contrite about the massacre. They might begin a conversation by muttering how terrible it was, but they would spend most of their time explaining it away. The usual line was that the Ibos, killing northerners in the first coup, brought the terrible retaliation on themselves. In short, everything was fair and square now—a few northerners killed, 30,000 Ibos killed. Bygones should be bygones.

The personality of Ojukwu also hampered negotiations. A cultured, wealthy graduate of Oxford, Ojukwu overshadowed Gowon and the other military governors of Nigeria. Unlike the others, Ojukwu behaved like a politician with a flair for public relations. And, at negotiations in Aburi, Ghana, in January, Ojukwu simply outmaneuvered Gowon and the military governors of the other regions and persuaded them to accept most of his proposals for a future confederation of Nigeria. Later, when they realized what they had accepted, Gowon and the others reneged, pleading that they had come to the conference unprepared. After that, Ojukwu, whenever he discussed Gowon and the others with newsmen, talked of them with contempt and despair; he made it

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clear he did not suffer fools gladly. Ojukwu's contempt was very evident to Gowon and the others, and their resentment intensified to the point where they began to see Ojukwu alone as the cause of all their troubles. They never understood that Ojukwu simply reflected and guided the angry emotionalism of his people; in fact, he probably was even more moderate than many of his lieutenants.

Finally, influential people persuaded Gowon to do all he could to keep Nigeria together under a strong federal government. They argued that giving in to Ojukwu's plan for a confederation would destroy Nigeria. The most prominent of these people were the federal civil servants who had taken advantage of the absence of politicians and the inexperience of the soldiers to run the day-to-day operation of the country. These federal officials were joined by diplomats of the U. S. Embassy and the British High Commission who believed in a big Nigeria and, sitting in Lagos, also failed to understand how the massacre had turned the Ibos into a bitter and chauvinistic people.

With the eastern region refusing to accept more than the most tenuous ties with Lagos, and the federal government refusing to let go that much, secession and civil war became inevitable. Adopting the strains of "Finlandia" as their national anthem, the Ibos seceded and proclaimed the new Republic of Biafra. A few weeks later, Gowon's forces invaded, intent on crushing "Ojukwu and his rebel gang."

The pace and progress of the war is difficult to assess. Both sides put out lying war communiques and, in the main, refuse to let newsmen verify the claims. But out of the tangle of confusing claims and counterclaims, a few points seem clear: this is a war of tiny armies, a few thousand on each side. Most of the people of Nigeria step out of the way when troops approach, and let them take over. The only exceptions are the Ibo civilians who resist with fervor and bitterness. As a result, a few federal troops can move in a non-Ibo area of Biafra with ease. And, in fact, the Biafrans, in their takeover of the midwestern region, showed that it is not too difficult for them to take over territory outside their region. But no federal army, no matter how great, no matter how much support it has from Soviet MIGs, can move with ease in Iboland. The Ibos are too tenacious and too committed; in short, the federal government, if it is to succeed, must fight for Iboland inch by inch. And, if it is successful, the federal government must be prepared to occupy Iboland as if it were enemy territory.

In many ways the civil war is pointless, for Nigeria has never been a nation; it exists only because some white men, in an almost playful mood, sat down at the turn of the century and drew some lines on a vague map. One British negotiator, who was present when the British, French and Germans split up their colonial prizes, recalled that "in those days, we just took a blue pencil and a rule and we put it down at old Calabar and drew that line up to Yola." "We have been giving away mountains and rivers and lakes to one another," another negotiator, Lord Salisbury, once recalled, "only hindered by the small impediment that we never knew exactly where the mountains and rivers and lakes were." Nigeria, as administered by the British, made no sense as a geographic, historical or ethnic unit. In fact, the British did not even rule it as a single unit until 1914. This amalgamation, which combined the Islamic north with the Christian and pagan south, was something like putting Egypt and Ireland together and calling the combination a nation.

Despite the obvious lack of a Nigerian nationalism, most African countries publicly support the federal government in its attempt to end the secession. There are so many secessionist movements in Africa—almost all a legacy of colonialism—that African leaders fear the success of one might ignite the others and lead to continental chaos. If Biafra succeeds, so might Eritrea in Ethiopia, Buganda in Uganda, the northern frontier district in Kenya, Katanga in the Congo, or the Casamance in Senegal. There is a measure of justification for their fear. Yet the special circumstances of the war—the intense tribal feeling of the Ibos and the hatred of the other tribes for them—seem to be persuading at least a few Africans to push aside their fears and show a bit of sympathy for Biafra. The African editors of *The Daily Nation* in Nairobi and of *The Tanzanian Nationalist* in Dar es Salaam, for example, have written editorials questioning the policies of the federal government.

The United States, however, has never seemed to question federal policies. The embassy in Lagos has consistently encouraged the federal government to take all measures to preserve the federation. Once the federal government seemed intent on crushing the secession by force, the embassy adopted a policy of keeping its hands off and its mouth shut in public. This, of course, was a silent way of showing its approval.

It's hard to indict the State Department, however, for encouraging the federal government to take a course that it probably would have taken no matter what it heard from the Americans. Moreover, when Gowon asked American dealers to sell him arms, the State Department rightly refused to grant them an export license.

But the Americans can be indicted for, first, failing to understand the mood and determination of the Ibos and, second, for failing to use their influence to encourage the federal government to face realities and negotiate with the Biafrans for a confederation.

Is a negotiated settlement possible now? The bloodletting may have stirred hatred so deeply as to make it impossible. But, in the event of negotiation, a settlement can come only if the federal government accepts a loose confederation in which it would have little more power than that of representing the various regions in the United Nations. In exchange for this, Biafra likely would have to agree to participate in an economic union, which distributed a share of Biafra's ample oil revenues to the rest of the confederation.

Without negotiations, the future seems clear. If Biafra wins the war, Nigeria will split into several pieces. If the federal government wins, the Ibos will become a maimed and occupied people. In either case, civil war will not make a nation out of Nigeria.



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# Nuclear Power on Salmon Rivers

**ANTHONY NETBOY**

*Mr. Netboy, assistant professor at Portland State College, is the author of two books on the salmon and co-author of* Water, Land and People *(Knopf).*

*Portland, Ore.*

Nuclear generation of electricity on a large scale is finally at hand in the United States, and with it come new and serious problems of environmental contamination. In 1966, almost 40 per cent of the new generating capacity ordered for utilities was nuclear, and it seems that the atom will henceforth provide the main source of low-cost power, even in parts of the country endowed with hydroelectric resources.

Last fall the Bonneville Power Administration announced that for practical purposes all feasible hydro sites on the Columbia River system were pre-empted. Since atomic generation is now as cheap as electricity produced from fossil fuels, the Pacific Northwest must look primarily to this source for its fast-growing loads. In fact, the first nuclear plant has just been announced in the region by Portland General Electric Company. It will be of 1-million kilowatt capacity (equivalent to half the present capacity of Grand Coulee) on the Columbia River some 40 miles below Portland. Local chambers of commerce cheered this announcement, but many citizens and government bodies concerned with protecting the quality of the Columbia River look askance.

Nuclear generation, it is widely believed, threatens to raise the temperature of our rivers to damaging levels; the most serious drawback to the Portland General Electric's plans is its location on a stretch of one of the richest salmon rivers in the world. Moreover, the company's published plans offer no assurance that the best techniques will be used to protect the fish life of the stream. Water from the reactors' steam generators is to be run straight back into the river. This water will heat up the stream in the vicinity of the plant to a level dangerous to the massive salmon run in summer and early fall.

The Columbia River originates in British Columbia and drains an area of 260,000 square miles in its 1,200-mile run to the sea. Its majestic course passes a variety of scenery: the snow-capped Canadian Rockies, brown semi-arid plateaus and cloud-covered Cascade Mountains. Originally heading north, it bends and twists like a corkscrew, acquiring the flow of hundreds of tributaries before emptying into the Pacific. Its chief tributary, the Snake, is itself a wondrous river, originating in Yellowstone Park, some 1,000 miles from its confluence with the Columbia. But the swift flow of the Columbia is now largely a thing of the past. Irrigation canals and pipes divert the water to fructify some millions of acres of expensive cropland. Huge concrete structures block the stream at a dozen strategic places, so that, from Grand Coulee to Bonneville dam, the Columbia is in reality no longer a river but a series of lakes.

In these reservoirs the current is slow, sometimes dirty and often difficult for fish life to cope with. Predators have multiplied enormously; big fish which eat the salmon fingerlings, for example. At Hanford, where a plutonium plant was built during World War II, and where electricity is now being produced as a by-product, the river is heated and the water itself contaminated with radioactive wastes. In summer, plankton at the Hanford site is 150,000 times more radioactive than the water, and the tiny caddis-fly larvae upon which the baby salmon and other fish feed are 350,000 times more radioactive.

"This does not mean that the fish come to any harm, or that human beings would be any worse for eating them," says one expert. But he is quick to point out that the injection of any radioactive substance in a river is undesirable. George L. Toombs, Oregon's chief radiochemist, not long ago announced that the Columbia is the world's most radioactive river. The regional director of the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration notified the Atomic Energy Commission last February that the Hanford plant must cut by half the discharge of radioactive nuclide zinc-65, which has been affecting shellfish and other fish, or suffer sanctions under the tough new federal anti-pollution policy. Nuclear power plants to be built in the future are designed to dump no radioactive waters into the river.

The salmon and steelhead trout of the Columbia have palpably declined since the white man first stumbled on the fantastic resource. When Lewis and Clark sailed down the river in their frail canoes in 1805, they found numerous Indian villages engaged in drying and smoking salmon, or pounding it into pemmican for barter with distant tribes. At the great falls in the river, such as Celilo Falls (now drowned out by The Dalles dam), where the river was broken into narrow channels by protruding rocks and small islands, Indians fished from slippery promontories, or stood on precarious log platforms, catching the salmon with dip nets or spearing them in the swift channels as they leaped up from the water. Away from the falls the Indians planted weirs to trap the husky fish.

White men began fishing commercially for salmon about 1840, built canneries after the Civil War, and systematically pillaged the salmon hoards. They used every conceivable kind of gear in the river, while offshore they pursued the home-coming fish relentlessly. The peak of Columbia River salmon catches was reached as far back as the late 1880s.

The next setback to the fish of the Columbia was the power dams. When, the first of these, Bonneville, was planned by the Corps of Engineers, no provision was made for fish ladders to enable the salmon to reach their spawning beds. Public outcry forced the Corps to install the famous Bonneville fish ladders over which 16,700,000 salmon and trout—about 600,000 annually—passed between 1938 and 1965, not to mention 10,500,000 other less valuable species. Today a dozen massive power dams on the Columbia and lower Snake Rivers are supplied with fish ladders. The cost to the federal government



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alone has been about $150 million, and to other dam builders perhaps as much as $75 million—$225 million invested in fish-passage devices alone. In addition, the federal government has spent some $50 million in building and operating salmon and trout hatcheries to compensate for losses of fish due to dams, pollution and other tampering with the rivers.

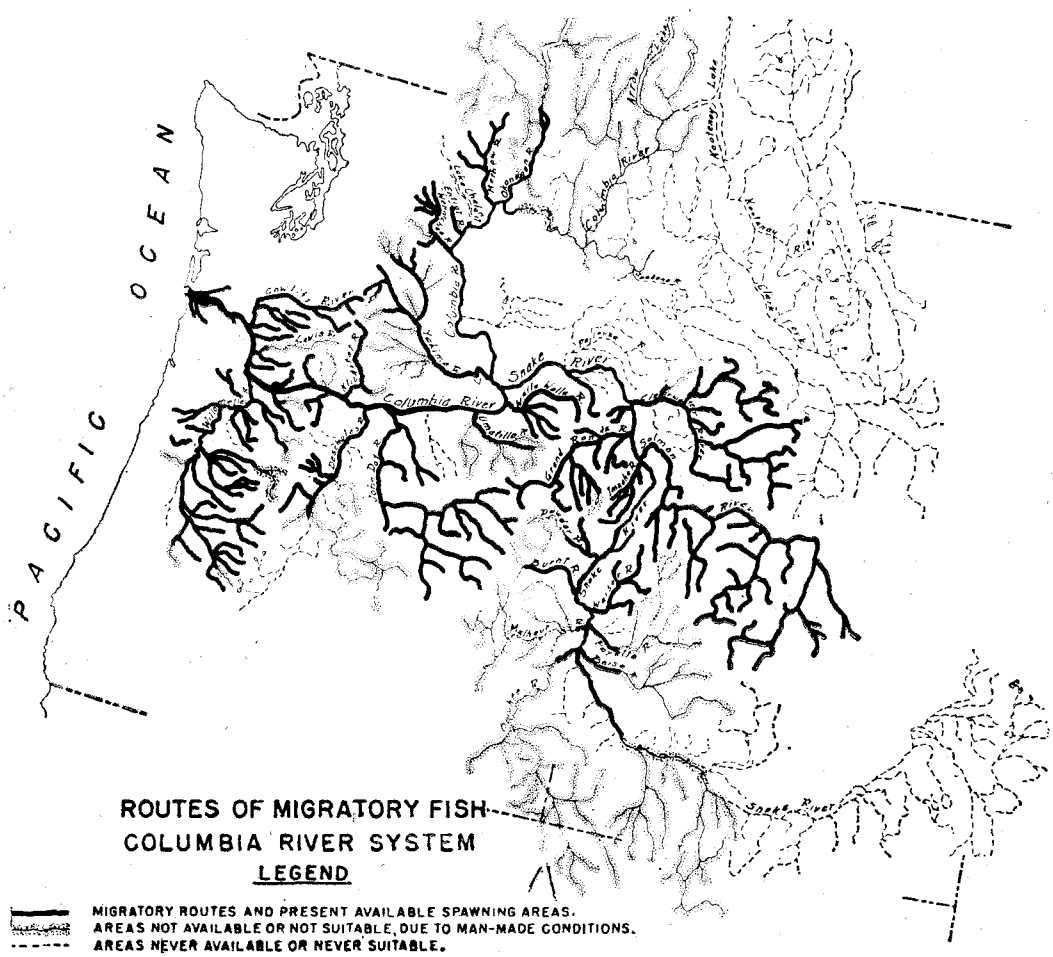
But the economic value of the salmon resource is still stupendous, although the catch is reduced since the halcyon days of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Salmon is the most valuable of our fresh-water fishes, and demand always exceeds supply. In 1966, commercial fishermen caught in their gill nets in the Columbia River 678,000 salmon and steelhead trout while sports fishermen took 210,000 fish, and the Indians (who defiantly fish in and out of the established seasons) accounted for an additional 20,000—a grand total of almost 900,000 fish. It is estimated that an equal haul of salmon and steel-head was made by trollers in the ocean, thus bringing the catch of fish which had originated in the Columbia River system to about 1,800,000. Economists estimate that the returns to the gill netters from their 1966 harvest was between $3.5 million and $4 million. Sportsmen, according to the Oregon Game Commission, spend about $8 for every salmon hooked, so that the sports fishery takes in roughly $1,700,000 for tackle, boats, boat hire etc.

The Atomic Energy Commission, the federal agency charged with licensing nuclear generation, seems to show scant concern about the newest dangers to the fishery. It pooh-poohs the argument that we must go slowly in building such plants because the effects on the environment and especially on the valuable fishery are not yet fully known.

Yet the reasons for caution are evident. A report by the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service issued last summer asserts that the nuclear stations planned for the Willamette River, a major tributary of the Columbia, will heat the water by September, when many of the adult fish migrate upstream, to levels that would be "devastating." On the Columbia, in late summer and early fall, discharges from the plants, "while not so destructive, would still place an additional heat load on the salmonids that are presently living in an environment that is far from optimum."

A fishery biologist of the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration says: "We are taking a tremendous chance by building nuclear power plants on salmon rivers. Upstream migrants might not be able to endure such heat as they will encounter. The tiny downstream migrants . . . would be in the greatest danger because they usually swim near the surface." Yet biologists for the power company assure the public that all will be well.

There are surely obvious alternatives to the cluttering of majestic rivers with atomic plants. I have visited every country in Europe where salmon is or was an important resource, and in none except France (which has frittered


PACIFIC OCEAN
Columbia River
Snake River
ROUTES OF MIGRATORY FISH
COLUMBIA RIVER SYSTEM
LEGEND
MIGRATORY ROUTES AND PRESENT AVAILABLE SPAWNING AREAS.
AREAS NOT AVAILABLE OR NOT SUITABLE, DUE TO MAN-MADE CONDITIONS.
AREAS NEVER AVAILABLE OR NEVER SUITABLE.



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away its valuable fresh-water fisheries) have I found nuclear stations on salmon rivers. The very idea is so foolish, a British power official remarked to me, that it is unthinkable.

The British claim that more nuclear power is now generated in their country than in all the rest of the world together. Every station is located close to the sea, not only far from population centers but where no valuable marine life is found.

Generation and distribution systems are government-owned, and in contrast to the heedlessness in the United States, consideration is given to all the "amenities" and resources affected by the construction of power plants.

Sir Roger Makins, chairman of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, has said:

> Before a nuclear establishment can be built or expanded, the consent of the appropriate local planning authority is required. In selecting and developing nuclear sites, close consultation has, therefore, been essential with the local planning authorities and this has, wherever possible, been extended to other interested parties. At Winfrith, for example, discussions covered not only the disposition and design of reactors and buildings but also such aspects as landscaping, the protection of archaeological sites and the identification of areas of special interest to botanists, plant ecologists and entomologists. There were also extensive discussions with local fishermen about the expected effect of the effluent to be discharged into the sea.

In the United States, I cannot discover that either the Portland General Electric Company, or the Atomic Energy Commission, discussed the Columbia River project with local planning authorities, or with Oregon or Washington fishery agencies, or with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, or with any local planning officials—certainly it never crossed their minds to consult fishermen, or plant ecologists or entomologists.

There is, in fact, a serious gap in our legislation. Under the Federal Water Power Act, no utility can obtain a license to build a power dam on an interstate river unless it provides facilities to safeguard the fish that are resident in, or migrate past the reservoir and plant. But the act was written in 1920 and has never been amended to encompass the nuclear age. The Federal Power Commission does not license nuclear establishments (in any case, it is a wishy-washy agency, inclined to knuckle under to a utility industry) nor does Oregon require a license for the construction of nuclear establishments.

"As matters stand," said the *Portland Oregonian* in an editorial, "the utilities are making the decisions. The people of Oregon would be unwise to disregard the approaching problems of thermal pollution and to depend upon the future decisions of the utilities themselves to act when conditions become acute. New sources of pollution should be prevented, not allowed to grow to the acute stage. (The Columbia and Willamette Rivers are already heavily polluted by pulp mills and raw sewage.) The problem may not be severe with one nuclear plant. But there will be dozens before the next century dawns."

The electric power industry is already unpopular in parts of the United States because of its enormous contributions to air and water pollution. Charles F. Luce, former Under Secretary of the Interior, warned the industry last February that it "must adopt new standards, perform in new ways, show new concern for the quality of the environment, and be an even better citizen in the communities it serves." Soon after making his speech Mr. Luce became chairman of the board and executive officer of Consolidated Edison, allegedly at $150,000 a year on a ten-year contract, with munificent retirement benefits.

The PGE project on the Columbia will not start for a year or more. Its adversaries are now gathering their strength. Much hope lies in the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration, now part of the Department of the Interior. R.F. Poston, Pacific Northwest administrator, told the power planners of the region last March that the federal government, under the President's Executive Order 11,288 issued in 1966, intends to control the discharge of effluents, whether from nuclear reactors, pulp mills or other sources, into interstate or coastal waters. "Potential developers of thermal power," he said, "would be well advised to recognize that their plans must include control of their heat problem on their own premises, or be prepared to prove beyond doubt that by advantageous site selection or other means their plant effluent, plus the collective effect of other present and potential heat producers, will not interfere with established water uses." Poston is endeavoring to persuade the Atomic Energy Commission to bring its contract with Portland General Electric Company under water-purity standards established by Oregon and Washington and approved by the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration.

Aroused by the casual attitude of both the AEC and the Portland General Electric Company—particularly the utility's refusal to consider the use of cooling towers, a technique which the company says it cannot afford because it would add about 5 per cent to the cost of the power—many people are wondering why the federal government, which has spent billions of the taxpayers' dollars to develop nuclear generation, is turning this knowledge over to private industry for quick, easy profit.

By licensing private utilities to build nuclear plants on the Columbia, the federal government seems to be abdicating its responsibility for the safety and welfare of the environment and the fishery resources. This may turn out to be another of the numerous mistakes that have wrecked so large a part of our natural heritage: freeways running riot through spectacular scenery, rivers polluted with the muck of industry and municipal sewage, mountains stripped to their bowels for the coal, iron or copper that lies below the surface. One has only to glance at the melancholy pictures in the last yearbook of the Department of the Interior, "The Third Wave," to see how much of America the Beautiful has been converted into Ugly Expendable America.

The ideal location for nuclear generation is, as the British aver, on the seacoast. For Oregon that would entail somewhat longer transmission lines and would add perhaps one-tenth of a cent per kilowatt to the cost of electricity. The consensus in the Pacific Northwest is that this is a bargain price to pay for safeguarding the natural environment and above all, for saving the precious salmon.



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# The Cultural Cold War: Comments

*Below is a representative sample of the comment which we have received in response to Christopher Lasch's "The Cultural Cold War"* (The Nation, *September* 11). —Editors

*Florence, Italy*
I read Christopher Lasch's CCF-CIA analysis with growing fascination and growing sadness.

The facts themselves are no longer news, but the article manages to put them into an impeccably clear perspective. In this perspective it is not so much the CIA that is distressing—there have been CIAs, in one form or another, in many eras in many countries—it is the depressing performance of the "intellectuals"—of ourselves—that gives pause.

This general crisis of the intelligentsia, of which the shrieking sophisms of Borkenau and Co. are merely superficial symptoms, includes—I need not spell it out here, a crisis of values, of styles, of ideals, of truth. It includes the intellectuals' relations with science, technology, bureaucracy, power and money. "Self-censorship," conditioned by intangible pressures, is far more pernicious than any official government censorship. For "self-censorship" engenders far less energy of reaction and organized resistance.

Mr. Lasch goes to the very heart of the whole problem when he says "the despair of intellect is closely related to the despair of democracy." The crisis of the intellectuals is the crisis of democracy. So let's keep working on both, without losing time. It certainly would be useful if *The Nation* followed up with other articles on the crisis of the intellectuals in Europe, East and West, and in the developing countries. In the meantime, let me congratulate you for this courageous beginning.

*Elisabeth Mann Borgese*

*Sussex, England*
I welcome the article with delight and envy. Had I known as much as Lasch knows, I would have loved to write it myself. In my last book, *The Perils of Democracy*, I tried to argue that "security" is but a short word for "insecurity." Mr. Lasch makes my point, finally.

As a footnote to the article, may I praise the common sense of the British? My London club subscribes to *Encounter* (and one of its ex-editors is a member). Everyone knew—because of its gentle treatment of American misdemeanors—that finance came from the United States. Only the most cynical suggested the CIA—before the revelation.

When John Masefield died, a London cartoonist pictured a CIA meeting, the chairman saying: "Well now, who's our candidate for Poet Laureate?"

*Herbert Agar*

*Trappist, Ky.*
As I live a somewhat secluded and contemplative life, I am by no means a reader either of *The Wall Street Journal* or of *The Nation*. But I have friends who, from time to time, like to make my blood run cold. Hence it chanced that I received at the same time, Christopher Lasch's *Nation* article and a clipping from *The Wall Street Journal*. The comparison is quite suggestive. The clipping from *The Wall Street Journal* was a complacently approving review of a new book about *The Corporation and the Arts*. Far from being un-American, the arts, we are told, are good business. Hence the "donative powers" which the corporation "holds in trust for the entire community" should now be lavished upon the arts, in tax-exempt largess. The artist should be taken under the wing of business. What for? Not merely to feed the bastard but because something can be got out of him. "The artist and the businessman can be unassailable collaborating in the name of freedom against all suppressive tactics. . . ." It is the old story. Of course the basic assumption is that the artist will accept the businessman's concept of freedom, which equals free enterprise or the freedom to make money. Will the symbiosis of art and business survive the cruel articulation of the artist's idea of freedom? That question will be answered not by debate but by winning over the artist to sincere faith in the primacy of money.

In brief, Big Money has more than one way of buying off the intellectual. In this the pluralist society is far more versatile than the totalitarian (as the reviewed book apparently makes clear).

Now Christopher Lasch begins his article with a reproof of nonliberals and a complaint that there has not been enough serious political criticism. The tendency has been either to conform or drop out. To succumb to the blandishments of the CIA or to rebel and cry in one's beer. He calls for that lucid, liberal criticism, that enlightened reason which, since the 18th century and indeed long before, has been invoked as the sure and accessible instrument for solving all problems. Which in theory it is. A few names come up in the Lasch article, singled out for praise: sharp and lucid minds. But there are other names, names of rather less distinguished intelligences: everyday liberal squares. Those of us who are radicals, pessimists, tend to balance these two kinds of intelligences as we see them in the liberal camp, and we find the sharp ones very much outnumbered. The political world of our time is not becoming more reasonable and more enlightened from day to day. There seems to be a Gresham's Law at work and the bad currency appears to be winning.

Even then, I agree, an appeal to reason makes more sense than tears of desperation. I certainly hope that Mr. Lasch is right in his basic assumptions. My own doubt is this: insofar as the liberal (as distinct from the radical) retains his identification with what seems to be an established disorder, to what extent can he guarantee that lucid reason will prevail over the versatile blandishments of the money which is the prime mover of that disorder?

*Thomas Merton*

*Dublin, Ireland*
Mr. Lasch refers to the judgment which I won in Ireland against *Encounter*. It might be worth noting that the original defense adumbrated by *Encounter* was that I had given currency to the "false assertion" made about them in *The New York Times*, viz. that they had been in receipt of indirect benefactions from the CIA. Before the case came for judgment in Dublin, revelations in the United States made by *Ramparts* magazine had made this defense untenable. At this stage, *Encounter* apologized to me in court through their counsel, published their apology in their June issue, paid all costs and expenses and made a contribution to a charity named by me. This particular story is told more fully in the current issue of the *New Left Review* and in the Spring issue of *Rights*.

*Conor Cruise O'Brien*

*Cuernavaca, Mexico*
Although no one ever accused me of being either a liberal or an intellectual, may I congratulate you and Mr. Lasch, with less than 5 per cent of reservations, for his essay on liberal intellectuals and the cold war? I hope I won't sound pompous in saying that he and recent *New York Review* contributors have made a noble breakthrough from the starry-eyed, pontifical liberalism of pre-Vietnam vintage.



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As a radical tainted with heresy, I settled down in the political-economic-cultural ghetto created for my kind by the fathers of the cold war, and finally received the Order of the McCarthyan Boot. I presume that when Mr. Lasch writes about "desperate acts of conscience" which, "masked as a higher selflessness . . . become self-serving, having as their object not truth or even social change but the promotion of the individual's self-esteem," he is talking about people like me.

Yet he is almost as shy as the other liberal reappraisers about the existence of us heretics throughout the period of his second thoughts, obstinately insisting (wherever we could) that the crusade against communism was a hoax, the Rosenberg case a hoax, the "liberation" of Iran and Guatemala a hoax; and that an inquisition, which the honest citizen must defy, had been installed to browbeat everyone into accepting them.

Our heresy consisted in saying so at the time. We were not oracles, and figured many things wrong, but we used what common sense the gods gave us. Nor were many of us people of distinguished attainments; but if these are necessary for mention in a liberal remastication of the hash of the past, overlooking of such heretics as Shapley and Einstein is odd.

Mr. Lasch is evidently still not ready to reappraise his pre-Vietnam view (*The New Radicalism in America*) that radicals of our type do little good and are defeated by their own personalities and the immutable tragedy of life. I suggest that their efforts and sacrifices (perhaps "inconveniences" is more accurate for most United States inquisition victims, though some were executed or driven to suicide) are more responsible than he knows for the fact that he is now in circulation to denounce lickspittle liberals.

Was Einstein acting "desperately," not for truth or social change but for his own self-esteem, when he counseled total resistance to the inquisition up to willingness to go to jail? Is there presently something wrong with self-esteem, and is not action for truth and social change the best way to preserve it?

*Cedric Belfrage*

*New York City*

I read with deep interest the piece by Christopher Lasch on the overall intellectual atmosphere of the late 1940s and 50s, the role of the CIA, etc. It goes more deeply into the philosophy and social implications of this period than anything which I have read in recent times.

*Harrison E. Salisbury*
*Assistant Managing Editor*
The New York Times

*Portland, Ore.*

The length of an article is one measure of its importance in editorial eyes, and, in the case of "The Cultural Cold War" I tend to agree with the estimate. Phrases that really turned me on were: ". . . contempt for . . . kept intellectuals," and ". . . the man of action . . . scorns the philosopher whom he is able to use. . . ." Hasn't Eric Hoffer also had harsh words for intellectuals and their (our) power games?

An unmentioned reason why our present national policy of blind anti-communism is so absurd is that it blinds us to a danger which will ultimately be much more important than communism: the nonwhite world is beginning the logarithmic growth phase which the "white" world began 500 years ago. The struggle cannot be prevented. Our choice is whether to lead the world revolution (racial not Communist) as peacefully as possible or to make the fight to hold onto the *status quo*.

If intellectuals are to be induced to gather round the author's flag, we shall have to give more attention to positive alternatives to the existing situation. To simply advise withdrawal until the rules are altered to our satisfaction is a childish proposal. We need a positive doctrine and missionary methods to attract enough intellectuals and "men of action" to give us a reasonable chance at success in the coming struggle.

*William E. Morton, Associate Professor*
*University of Oregon Medical School*

*Mexico City*

Mr. Lasch's article is an admirable piece of sleuthing, worthy of the CIA itself.

I hope that it will provoke many people into asking whether politics have anything to do with ethics or morality; whether any nation wants anything other than power and perhaps prosperity; and whether when it pretends otherwise, it is not likely to be exposed. As the Germans say, "against stupidity the gods themselves are powerless," and Mr. Lasch raises the question whether dopers and doped, in the Congress for Cultural Freedom or on the masthead of *Encounter*, are not both suffering from "invincible ignorance." Do individuals or nations really change? Is not an ex-Communist, after all, but a turncoat (same coat, same skin)? Is not the United States the same country Thoreau castigated for its behavior to (and in) Mexico in the last century, behaving in the same way in another country and context today?

*Anne Fremantle*

*Sherman, Conn.*

Christopher Lasch's article draws a pretty grim picture, but doesn't overdraw it; in fact there are other aspects of the part played by intellectuals in the cold war that are even more disturbing. Not to mention the part played by the government, with its black lists, gray lists and secret subsidies, in all, quite a fertile field for historical research. I hope there is more of it.

*Malcolm Cowley*

*Eugene, Ore.*

Christopher Lasch draws a conclusion which won't satisfactorily improve the relationship of intellectuals to power.

To end the corruption of intellecuals by ending all their participation in the councils of government evades the problem of bringing power to bear on the war machine. Rational arguments from outside are too easily dismissed by those in power, and it is naive to believe that disassociation will deprive the government of the brain power it needs. There will always be those who can serve any master and rationalize their actions. It is better that there should be some intellectual prostitution with a possibility of influencing the war machine, rather than intellectual purity for all and a government which would "judge the validity of ideas by the requirements of national power or any other entrenched interest." But would an intellectuals' boycott of the war machine really produce the intellectual purity Mr. Lasch wants, or would it be an abdication of responsibility and an invitation to Machiavellianism in an era which can't afford that kind of international politics?

The answer isn't to remove the intellectuals from the centers of power but to have intellectuals assume the integrity they somehow lost on the road to Washington. As Vietnam and this summer's reaction to the racial uprisings have shown, criticism from outside has little or no effect upon decision making in Washington. With more courage and integrity on the part of those intellectuals in Washington there might have been more meaningful dialogue, but with Mr. Lasch's boycott there could be no chance of dialogue at all.

*Donald E. Drake, II*



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# BOOKS & THE ARTS

## James Purdy and the Works

EUSTACE CHISHOLM AND THE WORKS. *By James Purdy. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 241 pp. $5.95.*

**ROBERT K. MORRIS**

*Mr. Morris is assistant professor of English at the City College of the City University of New York. His critical study of Anthony Powell will be published by the University of Pittsburgh Press. Mr. Morris' essay is the third in a series on contemporary American novelists.*

Ten years ago James Purdy was, in the words of the composite kudo, a "young, bold, individual, arresting and irritating talent." Today, four novels and three volumes of short stories later, he is considered part of the older new-guard in American fiction—a "voice," but one that has lately been greeted by diminished bravos, at times catcalls. The critical hatchet job by Stanley Edgar Hyman (memorable, but somewhat in excess of even a purist's obligation to the public) was a reaction partly prompted by Dame Edith Sitwell's pronouncement that Purdy is "one of the greatest living writers in our language." More to the point, Mr. Hyman, in all but calling Purdy one of the *worst* writers in the language, was not substituting one fiat for another. He was articulately, if mercilessly, challenging the "voice" to increase its range and dynamics, chasten its coloring, stop playing the echoes. To try, in other words, for more substance and less texture.

However Purdy's original brilliance may actually have dimmed of late, however his inventiveness may have flagged, the feeling that he has said all he has to say in a handful of stories and his first novel *(Malcolm)* is not universally shared among critics. Like all writers obsessed by certain themes Purdy does repeat himself. Yet I suspect both the obsession and repetition are lodged in the impossibility of solving the problems he has set for himself through any single artistic coup. All his fiction is at bottom a variation on the quest for the last vestiges of humanity in an America whose ideal has not only been shattered (Fitzgerald, Wolfe, West) but debased, corrupted and befouled by such assorted things as:

> noise, confusion, pumped-up virility and pornography . . . salesmen, imbeciles, retired faggots, strip-tease-sluts . . . dirt, hollowness, race transvestism . . . the movie theatre . . . TV . . . carbon monoxide . . . the belief in everything and everybody . . . the hatred of being alone in silence for more than 20 seconds . . . the assurance that immortality was Americans eating all-cow franks . . . while talking to a crowd of fifteen trillion same-bodies, etc.

What a Purdy character quests after in this wasteland is knowledge of himself. But there is an eloquence in Purdy that is not often found in other "quest novels" of the period: the very funny neoclassical satires of Barth and the equally funny parodic ones of Pynchon. Purdy, despite his rich vein of macabre wit, neither satirizes nor spoofs but spins out pointed fables of modern sickness and despair.

This fabulist quality is predicated on two things: the kinds of characters he writes about, and the way in which he writes about them. His world, at its most bizarre reaches, is peopled by the grotesque and abnormal, and when closest to reality, by the ordinary run-of-the-mill misfit who cannot connect either emotionally or physically. Young men, rootless and fatherless, middle-aged men, impotent in sex and their professions, middle-aged women, dowdy, fat, frustrated socially and biologically, outweigh the dwarves, cripples and homosexuals. Yet every character lives the myth of the isolated self, a stranger to himself and to others, locked in his own private hell that seals off the world outside.

I count Purdy a fabulist, too, for the simple reason that the end toward which he writes is a moral one. It is often reached via a logic that is not of the day-to-day variety, a logic that in fact is bound by no rules, but a logic best suited to the dim realities of the dream world and to the nature of the quest that begins at the very moment a character is plunged into the "sudden engulfing emptiness" of his life. As might be expected the moral changes from novel to novel. The important thing, however, is to recognize that Purdy's fables *have* morals, not always an easy task in the face of a multiplicity of themes and the sensational clutter of abnormal vehicles that carry them.

*Malcolm* (1959) grandly suffers from such excess. It packed in everything that was original and best in Purdy: a gallery of wild, comic, frightening characters; surrealistic juggling of time and space; absurd scenes, and the darkest humor. The picaresque adventures of the young innocent, Malcolm, and his quest for any sort of stable value showed pretty thoroughly how we in America were committed to lack of values. Purdy slaughtered a herd of sacred cows— the family, love, religion, urban existence, sex,—but let it go at that. The moral is plain, but *Malcolm* is a negative book.

*The Nephew* (1960) is Purdy's first sustained attempt to kindle the fire from almost dead ashes. It is also his most straightforward book and perhaps his best one, since he subjects a single theme to multiple views rather than vice versa. Alma Mason's attempt to reconstruct the past of her nephew killed in the Korean War and to write his "memorial" pivots on a pointed irony. As the facts of Cliff's life grew more illusive and contradictory, her own hollow existence comes into sharper focus. The novel seems to have a built-in moral, mouthed by Alma's brother—"We're all pretty much strangers to one another"—but I consider this a dilute *obiter dictum* and old hat to boot. Life is certainly complex, but this is hardly sufficient reason not to raise (or write) memorials to the dead. The novel's force is really in the implicit suggestion that those who try to live in the dimness of the past must experience the emptiness of the present and, more terrible still, the despair of the future.

*The Nephew* pays lip service at least to the idea that life must be lived, whether the loss of certain values makes the living of it worth while or not. In one way—unfortunately not stylistically—*Cabot Wright Begins* (1964) goes beyond *The Nephew,* exchanging the bovine fears of rural America for the cannibalistic terrors of its cities, and jettisoning irony for a fiercer paradox. The upper-class WASP, Cabot Wright, sharpened at Yale and honed in Wall Street and suburbia, who becomes a master rapist and something of a national hero, begins as a spokesman for Purdy's nihilism and ends as a glib auto-therapist. He learns to laugh at the human predicament, not with the laughter of a madman but with that of someone who has learned to "tick"— who has found himself—and equated life with the symbol "HA." Moral: if life is a cosmic joke it must be countered by cosmic laughter.

Purdy's choice of subject for his most recent novel, *Eustace Chisholm and the Works,* published last May, might easily seem at first blush even less distinguished than the stuff he injected into *Cabot Wright Begins.* Following in the wake of a flotilla of recent homo-



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sexual fiction it may neither shock nor surprise. No one is likely to find it his best book to date, and for obvious reasons. The quest motif is not only fatigued but it is blatant; and, to pile irritation on disappointment, the quest turns out to be for love. Nevertheless, its significance in the Purdy canon must ultimately (if somewhat grudgingly) be conceded.

To mention that the novel is about homosexuality will prompt one to lump it with the work of Genet, Chester, Rechy, Burroughs and Selby: a disservice all around since Purdy nowhere pretends to thoroughness in plumbing the homosexual psyche and is hard-core only about the writer's craft. His fine chiseled prose, his spare, naked imagery, his precise characterization, his ear for dialogue and his sense of scene make one aware that he is writing a novel and not a tract.

Categories are all-encompassing and therefore limiting. Homosexuals comprise most of the characters in *Eustace Chisholm and the Works,* but homosexuality is not really the subject. While Purdy's queens are a seamy, randy lot, their fixation—or so they try to persuade us—is upon something higher than the baggage below the navel. The world of the pervert (which had been incidental to *Malcolm* and *Cabot Wright Begins)* has been blown up to accommodate the larger themes of alienation, isolation and lovelessness. Aware that he has written about these before, Purdy is at times overrelentless in structurally forcing the impact.

Consequently, what begins as the whimpering and whining of unrequited lovers moves toward a crescendo of suffering, and what starts as a vague, troubled dream becomes an excursion in nightmare. At the dead center of the novel (set mostly in Chicago during the depression) is the fatal and unnatural (an epithet now tried and true) passion of Amos Ratcliffe, a fragile, beautiful and intellectual youth for Daniel Haws, the "common, phony tough" all-American hetero, more latent than Amos is overt; and at the peripheries are scenes of incest, abortion, suicide and murder.

Purdy's nightmare is not "air-conditioned"; it chokes and suffocates, though like all nightmares it keeps a purchase somewhere on reality. The passage describing Maureen O'Dell's abortion, for example, while accountably more grotesque for having the abortionist a dapper Negro fairy, is strangely clinical, and creates an impact equal to anything out of more (so-called) "naturalistic" works. And the disembowelment of Haws by the coolly insane proto-Fascist, Captain Stadger, wielding an "iron instrument of unbelievable medieval shape and monstrous design," is a travesty of the finest aberrations of Sade and Masoch only up until Haws's final, shattering scream.

The best writing, however, is not always the most intense, and the best effects are not necessarily contiguous with the novel's neo-Gothic geography, nor dependent upon its hagridden sleepwalkers. Purdy eludes inversion and monotony by timely and imaginative shifts in technique—moving from quiet irony ("You're too full of love for your own good") to gallows humor (Amos and Reuben's love-making before the coffin housing Reuben's mother), and from free-wheeling satire (the female Christian Scientist who starts as a "coital repeater" and matures into a "serious fucker") to epigrammatic truths ("Just to be alive means inconveniencing everyone around").

Throughout, Purdy alternately tickles, prods, bludgeons and lacerates us with all these verbal weapons into an acceptance of something so naive as to be impossibly complex: love, pure and simple, as the panacea for our *Angst.* But love—to paraphrase Wilde—is never quite so pure and rarely simple; at times it becomes not only perverted but downright bizarre and destructive. This, perhaps, is what *Eustace Chisholm* has been saying all along: Love unnaturally and perish. The best sort of "message" Purdy can work out is through paradox, forcing us to recognize love not by what it is but by what it shouldn't be.

Purdy's anatomy of love has always been a distorted one. He has shown how it devours, tortures, castrates; he has found it crude, repulsive, destructive. His vision is vaguely nihilistic and at its darkest apocalyptic; but now and again the vision lightens. Purdy is basically too good a writer to blunder uncompromisingly toward apocalypse. Nightmare is backed by reality, satire is supported by truth, black humor is substantiated by clear wit and, above all else, by logic which, in *Eustace Chisholm and the Works,* is pretty plain. The quest for love is hard, frustrating, debilitating, often nigh hopeless, but always worth it; for love is the only substantial timber to shore against our ruin.

Here, as in his earlier novels, Purdy is extending a life line to those who believe he is saying something and care, or to those who may not believe him but care nevertheless. When at the very end Eustace, who has given up both poetry and homosexuality, "slowly, like all sleepwalkers in the world," takes his wife to bed and warms her "with a kind of ravening love," are we to imagine this is a positive conclusion? There is love, but there is sleepwalking, too. Perhaps we should abide such ambiguities until someone comes along and spells out


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what love is and how we are to find it. Anyway, I get the feeling that Purdy the artist comes closest to one of his own heroes: the pained, wild pariah of "Daddy Wolf," composed of just enough love for human beings to despise him, living in monolithic isolation and making "emergency phone calls" to parties he doesn't know. Every Purdy novel is just such an emergency phone call, and the author doesn't give a damn how many message units he wastes.

# Punishing

THE FLAGELLANTS. *By Carlene Hatcher Polite. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 214 pp. $4.95.*

**NORA SAYRE**
*Miss Sayre is the New York correspondent for the* New Statesman.

Referred to a point beloved by segregationists — that there has been no colored Mozart or Negro Shakespeare, Dr. Kenneth B. Clark said a few years ago that the American white has "a tendency to invest himself with a virtue and a talent which he personally doesn't have. Why allude to geniuses from other countries *and* other centuries? Michelangelo does not belong to American whites. All I want is the ordinary freedom that anyone else has. What the hell has this got to do with Beethoven or Tolstoy?" It's notable that this argument is usually wielded by poorly educated people for whom the classics are probably threatening.

Yet, in an equivalent absurdity, our most educated society is quite foolishly eager to mismarry culture and sociology —to link names and erect road signs. There's a deluded zeal—among whites—to classify writers within "traditions" (just as our university courses in native literature stress that each writer is "peculiarly American": a perversity which dissolves when poured over Poe or Washington Irving). Category hounds will be betrayed by Carlene Hatcher Polite, a new Negro novelist. Her frustrating yet absorbing novel can't be colored — or discolored — into racial tradition.

"I hate a coward, a weak thing — especially a black one." *The Flagellants* is brutally critical of Negroes, lashing at those who do or don't advance, the educated or the ignorant, the "freedom now! boys" as well as the nonviolent. Yet, in this small document of love gone wrong, the young black couple alternates between agonies that are uniquely Negro, and torments which can afflict lovers of any color: sexual jealousy, polygamous instincts and the dread of marriage, "mistaking kindness and sensuality for passion," working at deadening jobs while love is ravaged by lack of cash, and repetition: "You sicken me, using lovemaking as an opiate. Our problems are still here when we wake up."

Thus, the novel's abrasive strength springs from the rotation of white and Negro problems, embodied in a pair who hurl their historical past at each other: "cocksmanship," the steam-rolling Negro matriarchy, the castrated man who lets his woman support him, the woman who demands that her husband or lover be "a superman" in order to atone for generations of trodden Negro men. The Faulknerian Negro who "endures" has become a fellow punisher: "You use your color as a crutch." Here, flagellation represents two themes. First, the sensation of being Negro means feeling beaten. Second, these lovers try to numb their racial pains by lacerating each other. At moments, they seem to seek mutual destruction in order to be reborn — in what form? Naturally, no alternatives are offered.

Psychologists, including Dr. Clark, have suggested that Negro riots are akin to suicide — an attempt to destroy what's intolerable. In certain passages, Miss Polite's lovers seem inflamed with the temptation of a suicide pact. Much of their masochism leaps from the feeling that Negroes are truly inferior: "We really believe that white is right." Self-despising, contemptuous because "Our lack of knowledge . . . keeps us always a light-year behind," taught early to feel guilty at any self-assertion, they have come to measure love by punishment because their parents chastised them for the confidence or independence which would vex whites. Hence, as adults, "We . . . seek cruelty, arguments, painful conflicts, denials as expressions of love and power." It all has a hideous logic, as the furious lovers fail to fortify each other, and finally writhe apart.

Anger at whites ripples through the novel, but it's a murmuring stream compared to the cascades of accusations against Negroes. Ironically, the sentient pair are worse off in New York than they would have been in "hometown," where civil rights movements might have channelled their outrage and their energies, and hard work would have been praised. (This point is made with a grim exuberance.) In Manhattan, trying to be artists and private persons, they are simply the second-rung citizens whom benevolent liberals cannot quite tell apart—including two Negro men who "resemble each other about as much as an anteater and a glowworm."

All this white heat is stoked into an essay, not a novel. Miss Polite is careless of characterization — perhaps because she intended to evoke universal emotions rather than those of individuals. There is a fine prologue, which describes the girl's childhood in the South where dreams, devils, spells and hoaxes bind Negroes to the implication that God favors whites: "It was not right to feel alive, warm, or free." Here, the language is telegraphic yet sensual, succinct in its imagery. But there's an abrupt stylistic change in Chapter 1, clearly of the author's choosing. Much of the succeeding novel plunges into preciosity: "Night was a dream world with heretic writhing with the giddyup of acetylene spurs." Convictions and passions are filtered through forced images that weaken and disperse them. Miss Polite's gifted intelligence may have been overdosed with the pumped-up prose of some writer like Anais Nin: a brand of symbol clashing that's irrelevant to the substantial themes of *The Flagellants*. Yet her work is so painfully urgent that it's worth digesting her overseasoned language; the ingredients are too strong to be negated.

# Do Svidanyia, Ilya

**ALEXANDER WERTH**

Was Ilya Ehrenburg my friend? It is difficult to say. He was moody and unpredictable and, as with others who knew him, our friendship had its ups and downs. We first met very casually in Paris, around 1930. He was then one of the great "Montparnasseans," a friend of the late Modigliani, a friend of Léger and Picasso. With me, he was haughty and standoffish. I got on better with him in Madrid, when we had drinks in the shell-battered Hotel Florida with Ernest Hemingway. He was the war correspondent of *Izvestia*, I the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, and we stood, as it were, on the same side of the barricade. But the great Stalin "purges" were then at their height, and Ehrenburg's friend, the famous *Pravda* correspondent in Spain, Mikhail Koltsov, was soon to be recalled to Moscow and shot. Ehrenburg, though passionately devoted to the Spanish Republican cause, was, clearly, uneasy about what was going on in Russia at the time, and was cagey and uncommunicative.

I did not become great friends with him until the war years in Russia. Those were perhaps the greatest years in Ehrenburg's life. In a frenzy of work,



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he turned out one, two, three articles a day—for *Pravda,* for the Red Army paper, *The Red Star,* for newspapers in England, the United States, Sweden and other countries. His pungent anti-Nazi and, in effect, anti-German propaganda was brilliant, with nothing to equal it except for some pieces by Sholokhov or Alexei Tolstoy; but these were occasional, while Ehrenburg turned out his pages and pages of brilliant invective and ridicule day after day—right up to April, 1945 when, with the Russian armies already deep inside Germany, Stalin suddenly put a stop to them. There were good reasons for this: it was no good saying any more that *all* Germans were evil, and that even German democrats, Socialists and Communists were nothing but Nazis in disguise. Russian troops in Germany were running wild, the time was approaching when the Russian occupation authorities would have to find some "good" Germans with whom to run the country. The sudden disavowal of Ehrenburg was done in the usual nasty and malicious "Stalinist" way, and Ehrenburg felt deeply hurt. After all, had not Stalin himself said that Ehrenburg's propaganda had been worth as much as twenty or thirty divisions of fighting men?

But Stalin, for all his inhumanity, never quite forgot the immense service Ehrenburg had rendered the country throughout the war years, and particularly in the grim years of 1941 and 1942. Ehrenburg was immensely popular in the country, and especially in the army; Russian guerrilla fighters were known to swap a Tommy gun for a bunch of Ehrenburg clippings. He had greatly contributed to Russian wartime folklore—with his image of the "Winter Fritz," wrapped in feather boas and other women's garments stolen from the Russian people at the time of the Battle of Moscow, and with an icicle hanging from his red nose. Some Russian soldiers resented the contempt and ridicule with which Ehrenburg treated a deadly powerful and efficient enemy but, on balance, his ultra-patriotic pieces proved highly salutary.

I saw a great deal of Ehrenburg during the war, often at his home with his charming wife, Lyuba, an excellent painter who must have been a very beautiful young woman, and his adored Scotch terrier, Boozoo. (I even figure together with Boozoo in one passage of his *Memoirs.*) After the war, my relations with Ehrenburg deteriorated. I saw little of him during my last two years in Moscow, 1947 and 1948, and when I met him again at the "Partisans of Peace" Congress in Paris in 1949, he scarcely said hello to me.

A few years ago, I reminded him of that unpleasant episode. "Yes, I remember," he said, "but those were difficult, *very* difficult times." They were indeed. I had just published a book denouncing Zhdanov's victimization of writers, artists and composers, while Ehrenburg was still part of the Soviet Establishment. I knew he wholly agreed with what I had said of Zhdanov but that he had to keep quiet. He spoke brilliantly and passionately at the "Partisans of Peace" meetings at the height of the cold war. And that is about all he did during those years. However, an "obituary" in an English paper after Ehrenburg's death is grossly unfair:

> He prospered while the best of his colleagues were being killed, crushed, or reduced to silence. A Jew, he not only stood by while Stalin conducted his post-war campaign against Soviet Jewry, but actively joined in the witch hunt. A cosmopolitan, he assisted in Zhdanov's hounding of "rootless cosmopolitans."

In reality he did *not* join in any witch hunt; nor did he "assist" Zhdanov in any way. The same writer states: "Only the Recording Angel knows all the facts of Ehrenburg's career"; but the title of the article, "Ehrenburg, the Unhappy Villain," clearly insinuates that Ehrenburg was guilty of unspeakable crimes. Since the Recording Angel did not reveal his secrets to the author of the article, the insinuations are all the more gratuitous. What, indeed, was Ehrenburg's crime? Clearly, that he "survived," whereas many other Jewish writers did not. Most of the Jewish writers who perished in Stalin's anti-Semitic drive around 1950 were specifically Yiddish, and not simply Jewish writers. Others of Jewish nationality or origin, but writing in Russian, survived, just as Ehrenburg did—Lev Kassil, Victor Shklovsky, Pavel Antokolsky, to mention only the best known.

I knew Ehrenburg for years; and I never found anything sinister or evil about him; on the contrary, he was a man of great goodness. He was immensely helpful to young writers of talent he discovered, such as the soldier-poet Simeon Gudzenko, and many others. After Stalin's death (until then he had little choice but to keep silent, except at the international Peace Meetings) he became the greatest and most effective liberal influence throughout Russia. In 1954, he wrote his novel, *The Thaw,* the very title of which marked a whole epoch in Russian literature. It was a fierce indictment of Zhdanovism, even at a time when nobody else dared speak up against either Zhdanov or Stalin. His six volumes of *Memoirs,* to which he devoted the last years of his life, are a continuous plea for better and freer art and literature, for a "broader outlook," for greater tolerance and understanding toward the great modern art of the West. In Russia, he popularized some of his old friends: Matisse, Léger, Modigliani, Picasso; and spoke scathingly of Alexander Gerasimov, Stalin's "painter laureate" and the other academic hacks of official "Soviet art." He did his utmost to "rehabilitate" writers who had committed suicide or had died in the purges —Isaac Babel, Marina Cvetaeva, Osip Mandelstam, Andrei Belyi and many others. He had the courage to speak up for Pasternak and to protest violently against the Siniavsky-Daniel trial. He was deeply loathed and savagely attacked by Ilyichev, head of the propaganda department of the Central Committee, by Khrushchev himself in 1963 and (more recently, by that self-appoint-


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ed Grand Inquisitor of Russian literature, Mikhail Sholokhov.

I had my last meeting with Ehrenburg two months before he died. I had lunch—French wine, French cigarettes and all—at his Gorki Street apartment—almost a small museum of Chagalls, Matisses, Picassos and Légers, all given to him by the painters themselves. He was physically in poor shape, but mentally as witty and alert as ever. He was certain that the "liberals" were slowly but surely winning in Russian literature, and thought there would again be a great Russian literature—in twenty years' time. When I asked him what he thought of the vicious attack made on him by Sholokhov at the Writers' Congress shortly before, he remarked: "Well, you see, in our country we have only *one* party, so *everybody* gets into it, even Fascists like Sholokhov!"

# New Light on Jesus

THE LIFE OF JESUS. *By Marcello Craveri. Translated from the Italian by Charles Lam Markmann. Grove Press. 520 pp. $7.95.*

**HUGH J. SCHONFIELD**

*Mr. Schonfield is the author of books on the Bible, the Dead Sea scrolls and Judaism. His most recent book is* The Passover Plot *(Bernard Geis Associates).*

Books on the life of Jesus had their heyday in the 19th century when the development of rationalist thinking allowed the subject to be treated with much greater freedom than previously. Writers of various persuasions, some scholarly and some highly imaginative, made their contribution toward the interpretation of the enigma of the central figure of the Christian faith. But the number of such treatments has tended to decline in the 20th century, especially in the past twenty-five years, now that it has been clearly established that genuine biographical information is quite insufficient for a life of Jesus. Attention has therefore been concentrated on seeking to clarify aspects of his personality and activities.

The principal sources of information, the four Gospels, are recognized today as reflections of Christian thinking from fifty to seventy-five years after the time of Jesus, when Christianity was operating chiefly in a pagan environment and had been severed substantially from its original Jewish milieu, and when ideas about Jesus' nature and mission had greatly changed. What remained of the Jesus of history was confined to certain salient events in his brief career and some confused recollections of sayings and incidents handed down by tradition.

Enough has fortunately survived to enable us to be confident that the man Jesus, a Galilean Jew, really did exist and was crucified at Jerusalem by the Romans as pretender to the Jewish throne during the governorship of Pontius Pilate. Beyond this, something of his character and intentions could be ascertained by a careful comparison of the traditions about him, with the religious, social, economic and political conditions in Palestine at the time. Here a most valuable addition to knowledge has recently been furnished by the discovery of the Dead Sea scrolls.

The best service which the general writer still can perform is to convey the fruits of the specialized studies of scholars in a readable manner to a public which is avid for new light on the figure of Jesus, all the more because so much that was formerly taught and believed about him has proved to be mythical.

But this is not exactly what Dr. Craveri has attempted. He has a certain familiarity with recent discoveries and opinions based on a considerable reading of authorities; yet in writing what he calls *The Life of Jesus*, his book is closer to the 19th century than to the mid-20th. This perhaps was inevitable in writing for Italians with a Roman Catholic background, to whom much that has been familiar to others is still extremely novel and perturbing. The author has indeed been quite courageous in boldly stating many things about Jesus which would shock convinced Catholics and even a good many Protestants.

Craveri's book is well written, extremely readable, and follows an orderly plan; but curiously it blends a progressive narration of the story of Jesus, and an exposition of his teaching founded upon the Gospels, with the frequent denial that their information is dependable. This invests the portrayal of Jesus with an atmosphere of complete unreality which Dr. Craveri seeks to overcome by disquisitions, not always correct, on certain ideas and attitudes of the period, and by a parade of Hebrew, Aramaic and Greek terms, with explanations which suggest insights unfortunately not borne out by many of the author's statements.

Dr. Craveri has endeavored to assimilate a great deal of information obtained from a host of scholarly works without discriminating in his employment of them. His sources represent a very mixed bag of good and bad authorities. The result is that his book contains a number of errors of fact and ludicrous blunders, which could not have been perpetrated by anyone not forced to depend on what he could glean from the writings of others. This is particularly so when he deals with Jewish matters of paramount importance in writing about Jesus and his background. Dr. Craveri is much better with his Latin, his classics and his church fathers, and the merits of his book lie in his comments on how the image of Jesus was changed by the development of the Christian faith. He makes it very clear that the theological Christ as God incarnate is totally unhistorical.

*The Life of Jesus* would have gained by dealing solely with the transformation of Christianity. As it is, the author has provided a book of inordinate length in which his attacks on the follies of Roman Catholicism are so intermingled with his account of Jesus that his purpose is diffused.

The book is not made more up to date by dragging in the recovered Gospel of Thomas, as if this Gnostic or quasi-Gnostic work were a relevant source of information. Much in modern scholarship that would be more relevant has escaped the author's notice, or perhaps was not available to him in Italy. We must treat the book, therefore, not as the production of a New Testament scholar—the author is a teacher of Italian and Latin literature—but as the thinking on paper of a man independently eager to discover for himself the Jesus behind the myths and mar-

RIGOLETTO

*I thought you were crazy*
*(My own father)*
*But I listened too,*
*As the ancient record squeaked out*
Caro Nome.

*"She was very funny-looking,"*
*You said (with a look that told*
*That I was beautiful),*
*"But her voice made up for everything."*
*I squealed along, imitating the notes*
*In a feverish falsetto.*

*(Gilda—Galli-Curci lived*
*Somewhere in New York,*
*But she couldn't hear us.)*

*Though only a second soprano,*
*I am still your first daughter,*
*Dragging around* la maledizione.
*At the top of my voice*
*I hear you singing,*
*Incredulous that you are not yet dead.*
*Two years,*
*That I sing our duet,*
*Silly or not.*

FLORENCE VICTOR



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vels of an adoring Church. His findings should at least help to clear away some of the cobwebs which still cling to the minds of traditionalists, and if he succeeds at all in this, the years he has devoted to his task will not have been spent in vain.

The translator could not be expected to rectify Dr. Craveri's ignorance of things Jewish, but he deserves high commendation for what must have been a most strenuous undertaking, accomplished with great literary competence.

## Book Marks

**SARA BLACKBURN**
*Mrs. Blackburn, a former book editor for a New York publishing house, is now a free-lance writer.*

$250,000. *By Edward M. Cohen. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 252 pp. $4.95.*

Mr. Cohen's publisher notes that his novel "makes *A Mother's Kisses* look like *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.*" He might have described it more tellingly as the *Oliver Twist* of New York Jewish novels, except that Mr. Cohen has created a series of characters so grotesque —and so repulsive—that he has allowed them to almost literally nag his novel to death by the end of its second chapter. By then, most readers will be unable to muster interest in whether Blossom ("Her breasts fell almost to her navel and her hips hung from her waist like heavy bags of flour") will share the $250,000 which she has systematically embezzled from her employer over a thirty-year period with her sadistic roommate/mother (" . . . I tried to get rid of you in the bathtub, but even before you were born you were strong as an ox") or her bookie brother, Itchy ("Bloated bags of skin ballooned under his eyes and heavy jowls dragged on his mouth."). *$250,000* is too exaggeratedly grotesque to be shocking, and too full of a kind of anger which Mr. Cohen isn't in charge of to be funny. This is too bad, because the author can write, and it is not wholly to his discredit to say that his characters have gotten out of his control, taken on a hideous life of their own, and spoiled his book.

THE MIMIC MEN. *By V. S. Naipaul. The Macmillan Company. 301 pp. $4.95.*

*The Mimic Men* is for readers of "fine fiction" as opposed to good novels. It is a serious, urbane and beautifully written book, but its concerns, despite the fact that it is engaged in exploring the tragic conflicts of Modern Man and his


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Place in a Changing Society, are so curiously out of touch with any tangible kind of reality that it is an academic novel, to be assigned in contemporary literature courses as an example of the modern novel of ideas. Its setting alternates between London and a Trinidad-like colonial island; its protagonist, Ralph Singh, is an extension of V. S. Naipaul's own Indian/Trinidadian background, and Mr. Naipaul draws him through his various roles as student, lover, husband, man of the world, politician, exile and recluse with skill, wit and a fine sense of timing. But this is a novel that has little to do with life and a great deal to do with people who spend a lot of time thinking about it. There is finally an overeducated prissiness to *The Mimic Men* that comes of an aversion to the kind of passion and engagement which Mr. Naipaul and his Singh know is out there somewhere. And although it may be argued that this is exactly the tragedy which Mr. Naipaul is using Singh to explore, the very passivity of Singh's position as withdrawn and jaded observer makes him a rather exasperating character.

RAPPAPORT. *By Morris Lurie. William Morrow & Co. 223 pp. $4.95.*

It's a pleasure to recommend, of all things, this New York Jewish novel set in Australia. *Rappaport* is a day in the lives of Joseph Rappaport and his friend Michael Friedlander, both in their 20s, high school graduates engaged respectively in the antique and advertising businesses, and striving mightily to be hipsters—not hippies—in Melbourne. If Mr. Naipaul tells us eloquently about alienation, Morris Lurie, with none of his admirable intellectual trappings, shows us what it's like. Rappaport and Friedlander devour American magazines, talk incessantly about Bogey and the Marx Brothers, listen avidly to Sonny Rollins, but are both more or less in the full-time business of looking for a formal entrance into life without being shy, as they are, about closeness, friendship, sex, and the possibilities of love. With all of its witty bravado—and *Rappaport* is a very funny book—Mr. Lurie's novel has an unfrightened sweetness, a warmth and directness that have been missing in its hipster-oriented American counterparts for a long time. The book sags a bit in the middle, and has suffered somewhat by what seems to be a two-year gap between its writing and publication in this country, but Mr. Lurie is a very good novelist, and the best measure of my admiration for *Rappaport* is to say that I would buy his next book the day it appeared.

NOBODY LOVES A DRUNKEN INDIAN. *By Clair Huffaker. David McKay Co. 278 pp. $4.95.*

One mark of a poor reviewer is vitriol without information. I risk it here to note that the publication of Mr. Huffaker's slick, awkward and unfunny "comic" novel about life today on a Western Indian reservation is an ironical reminder that William Eastlake's classic novels on the subject, *Go In Beauty* and *The Bronc People,* continue to remain out of print.


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# FILMS / Harold Clurman

Innocent that I am, I enjoyed every one of the seven features I saw during the first week of the Fifth New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center. When I say that, I am not necessarily recommending them as good pictures. Some of them have glaring flaws: in some cases, a strained archness or an allusiveness bordering on the unintelligible. Nor am I particularly interested in technical devices ("pure cinematics") which preoccupy the true movie buff.

What I appreciated most of all was the relevance of virtually all the exhibits to the worlds which produced them. They are much more expressions of our day than most of the plays we see in the theatre.

We expected the festival to begin with "experiment"; it began with excellence. *The Battle of Algiers* is a first-rate picture. From the specialist's point of view this film—the work of a 35-year-old Italian director Gillo Pontecorvo—is remarkable for being an entirely convincing "documentary" of which not one foot is composed of stock shots or newsreel material. Yet one finds that one is *there* in the midst of the moment. A sense of the actual is never compromised by the taint of contrivance for effect. An expert may also admire the organizational capacity the picture demonstrates. In appearance and movement, the crowd scenes convey reality more strikingly than do the techniques of *cinéma vérité.*

*The Battle of Algiers* creates the impression of total objectivity. Folks with a particular political bias will contradict this. (A Parisian journalist told me that the picture was under official ban in France and that the Algerians had contributed not only their land but funds to the film's making.) The film may be "read" in various ways according to one's sentiments and convictions without our being oppressed by a feeling that a prejudiced view is being foisted upon us. Yet a specific emotion is communicated: the film is saying something. It embodies an idea without engaging in argument or special pleading.

The picture mirrors events in the Algerian uprising against French dominance of their country. At first we witness incidents in the terrorist campaign initiated by members of one cell of the National Liberation Front (the FLN). We are shown parts of the French counter-terror — bombings, etc. The Algerians kill a number of the French-European policemen; the French retaliate with even greater ferocity. The Algerians then blow up several cafés and an air terminal largely frequented by the Europeans.

The French army formally intervenes through a paratroop division headed by a Colonel Mathieu. With quiet and deadly efficiency he rounds up the leaders of one of the most active of the terrorist units. Though the army code does not contain the word, torture is resorted to. When the last of the terrorists is trapped (along with his aides) the group is liquidated: the FLN rebellion is quelled. All this happens in 1954.



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After two years of "peace," massive and apparently spontaneous street rioting breaks out. The struggle takes on wider scope. We know the end: in 1960 the Algerians gain independence.

No matter who is being destroyed, we shudder at the terror of the events. We take little satisfaction at the "triumph" of one side or the other in the mutual slaughter. (We even pity the poor cops.) In one of the cafés we see a crowd of Europeans (French) at their drinks and a baby licking an ice cream cone. When the place is blown up we remember that child. We are outraged at the wantonness of this "senseless murder."

We of course are equally infuriated by the French when we witness the terrible pain inflicted on the Algerian prisoners from whom their captors are determined to elicit information. The variety and ingenuity of the means employed add to the horror of the procedures. We admire the cool austerity, the intelligence and soldierly self-discipline of the French colonel but we realize that he is a killer. (He points out that he was a member of the underground against the Nazis and is thus no Fascist.) We respect the terrorist leaders for their determination, courage and steely pragmatism but they are as ruthless as the French. Even in its most violent scenes the film indulges in neither sentimentality nor delight in cruelty. It contains none of the sadism common to so many pictures presented as entertainment.

The objectivity of *The Battle of Algiers* is not indifference. We might conclude that the picture's final statement is pacifist. But I doubt that that is its intention. Pacifism is an untenable position unless one is willing to die rather than to resist evil through fighting. Only the saintly are capable of such a course, and very few of us are that.

In the context of the picture alone I found myself partisan of neither side. Some in the audience equated the struggle in Algiers with the war in Vietnam. Others thought of the more violent aspects of the civil rights movement: Watts, Detroit, Newark, and so on. Such analogies are misleading or false. The French had much more justification for the repression of the Algerian revolt than we have in intervening in Southeast Asia: they had been in Algeria for 130 years, had developed the country and given full rights of citizenship to the Algerians.

Is the picture "revolutionary" then, as we understood the term in the thirties? Not precisely. Still what it communicates is not nebulous or indeterminate in its implications. What we may gather from it politically is that ultimately no people will allow itself to be ruled by alien force. In many respects the Algerians profited from the French presence in their country and were treated better than we have treated the black man in ours. They still wanted to be free of any governing class not of their stock, language, tradition or religion.

Even this, however, is not the picture's true import. Its content has classic and tragic dimensions beyond politics. Wars are as unreasonable as they are terrible. For it may be argued that they rarely achieve the benefits that both sides sincerely claim they are battling to bring about. (Are not many now shocked at Algeria's position in the Mideast situation?) It has been mankind's destiny to engage in internecine conflict when in one manner or another it suffers oppression. No matter how futile the effort may prove in view of the later consequences, the world bursts into flames of anger and homicide when men can no longer bear what they consider to be unspeakable injustice. This is tragic because the actual process and conduct of these conflagrations are always and everywhere "inhumanly" infernal. If this is not so then all history is a meaningless shambles. How many of us truly believe this?

War and revolutions may not be inevitable. We pray and plan to avoid them but from time immemorial they have not been avoided. In that sense they are all too human. Understanding and wisdom are impossible without an initial recognition of this tragic fact. We can accept it without condemning ourselves to hopelessness, to an impotent fatalism or to a hawkish militarism.

Much of this may be strongly contested. On another occasion I might contest it myself! That I should be impelled to say this now is simply evidence of the picture's sober eloquence, its modest power. Its acting, as well as its other elements, is in the vein of a simple and direct expressiveness.

Particularly striking in this regard are Jean Martin as the French colonel: dignified, hard, tempered, keen, and the two men of unalterable commitment and resolution who play the FLN leaders. (Are they professional actors?) The brave 10-year old Algerian boy who is part of the rebel *equipe* is also perfectly cast and directed. All in all then *The Battle of Algiers* is a film of which it may be said without absurdity that it is a masterpiece of epic realism.

My only demur relates to the musical score about which Pontecorvo was especially concerned and on which he is said to have collaborated. The music is not "bad"—it will not interfere with anyone's appreciation of the picture—but in respect to the rest it is rather conventional and not stylistically consonant with the whole.

I was able to see six other of the festival's first week's offerings: the Yugoslav *An Affair of the Heart*, *Le Départ*, directed in French by a Pole in Belgium, *Funnyman*, an American film by John Korty, the West German *Yesterday's Girl* and *Young Toerless*, and finally the Swedish *Hugs and Kisses*. Though none of them are without blemish they all, I repeat, have the merit of dealing with a relevant reality, things which in one way or another touch us. I hope to discuss them in a forthcoming issue. But this much may be immediately said: comedy or drama, they all register testimony of a sad world of confusion, wasted energy, increasing spiritual isolation, and of a freeze of emotional sensibility. The consolation—no matter how dismal the report—is that they are being made.

## HELEN YGLESIAS

*Like A Beautiful Child* is a beautiful little film which you are unlikely to get a chance to view unless you are a member of Local 1199 of the Drug and Hospital Employees, who produced this twenty-six-minute documentary as an aid in union organization. It is a most effective one. What is more surprising is that it turned out to be an artistic and social venture full of other lessons it surely never intended to teach —not the least of which is that it is


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possible to make so good a film on a $5,000 budget.

Moe Foner, the union's executive secretary, conceived and plotted the project with the help of John Schultz, a TV professional. Schultz directed; Don Hunstein, a still photographer, worked the camera; and the narration, written by Foner, is persuasively understated by actor John Randolph. The rest of the film belongs to the hospital workers.

Schultz has taken his camera into the Harlem apartment of Ida Mae Cameron, following her out into the streets where she is "carrying her son to school" and then into the bowels of Mt. Sinai Hospital where she and her fellow workers do the jobs so unthinkably menial that indeed we, above, manage to hardly ever think about them.

Once having seen the workers in the film, however, I don't think it possible to ever enter a hospital again without a strong consciousness of the mainly black and Puerto Rican workers who cook, clean, mop, empty the bedpans and iron the uniforms. It is not the prevalent consciousness by which we delight to scare ourselves with the threat of the oppressed mass beast in our midst, its heart set on murder. What comes out of black Harlem and the *barrio* is supposed to be terrifying; but it seems that what comes out of those slums, when there are jobs for them to come out *to,* is the working class, which provided here with an ideology of militant brotherhood, is depicted as made up of individual men and women of startling dignity and beauty.

*Like A Beautiful Child* celebrates this old-fashioned working-class concept — and a number of others, equally unfashionable. A film about an act of organization, it is itself well organized. Extolling the dignity of labor, it works its effects with admirably honest skill. A full close-up of a beautiful black girl serving a patient is matched by her own words and voice; in that authentic Harlem syntax and accent which only a genius might duplicate, she describes the *raison d' être* of her work, the gratification in helping others who are ill—"which everybody sometimes *has* to get sick." A Puerto Rican mops the corridor floor and explains with characteristic sweetness why the work does not now demean him. A cook (light Negro or Puerto Rican) with the bearing of a U.N. dignitary cracks open eggs with consummate efficiency and tells of the power of the union to restore his manhood: the supervisors may no longer call him "boy."

Since it is a film for a union audience it does the practical things it should do, telling of the benefits and hiring, the classes and techniques of organization. This is very well done and always in specifically human terms. When Ida Mae Cameron exults in the substantial pay increases won, "yes, a little more in the pay check there," her voice is rich with satisfaction. The camera can also be mobile in making a surface comment, as in its skimming treatment of Lindsay and Robert Kennedy, the politicians "who come to us now." It moves with the face of the black young man trying to outrun the brutally punishing encirclement of cops and high-pressure water hoses directed against a picket line, and bumps along with a neatly dressed black demonstrator (jacket, tie, hat) who goes limp and is dragged to the wagon.

In fact, without making any fuss about it the film is also a celebration of successful black and white coalition—even of blacks and white Jews—for it faithfully records the Jewish accent of the union official who announces the big strike virtually won. Finally, it celebrates victory, so difficult to believe in, given our modern propensity to find virtue in defeat and the stuff of art only in those adventures where the movement fails. *Like A Beautiful Child* is perfectly convincing in conveying the joy of victorious mass action; it makes us believe in it.

*The New York Times* carried a story about the surprising impact of this film on its own union audiences a few weeks ago. The story created outside interest and the modest venture has moved beyond the closed audience for whom it was intended. Moe Foner reports that since the *Times* story he has had hundreds of requests for the film. James Wechsler also wrote a column in the *New York Post*. After praising it and the incorruptibility of Local 1199, he used the film as a stick with which to beat the New Left and the New Politics Convention, exhorting them to learn the lesson of black and white coalition. In addition, the *National Review* started its predictable yapping about John Randolph's political past. These are interesting signs of the film's power to send forth ripples from its unassuming center.

For me the ripples extended back into the thirties and early forties when unions—"good" unions like 1199—were not such rare birds. The *National Review* reaction reminded me that though nobody could care less about such nonsense now, there was a time in the late forties and fifties when it would have been enough to have the film banned and the union attacked. In a way, the *National Review* comment shows up the disingenuousness of Wechsler's reaction. For surely he remembers, as I do, the systematic destruction, by way of Taft-Hartley, McCarthyism and the anti-Communist liberals, of just the kind of coalition he calls for in his column. If the new radicals—black and white—literally do not know which way to turn in order to make their fragments coalesce into united action, it is not they who should be scolded. Their ugly problems, which lead to ugly solutions, are partly caused by the failure of any other movement to fill the vacuum left by the coalition which was destroyed and which destroyed itself. Though Local 1199's film doesn't get into any of this, it does have Malcolm X at a union rally and keeps his words on the sound track as uncompromising as they came straight from his mouth. I don't know what other union would do that. It's a measure of the film's concept of "brotherhood," and of what constitutes the whole of a worker's life. Not only union scale—there's plenty of *that* around—but the higher working-class awareness of solidarity, which in a few deft and poignant strokes *Like A Beautiful Child* does so much to revive.

One more ripple: what are all those underground film makers with the handheld cameras *doing,* when there are stories like this to be told?

Robert Hatch has been on leave of absence. His regular film column will resume this month.


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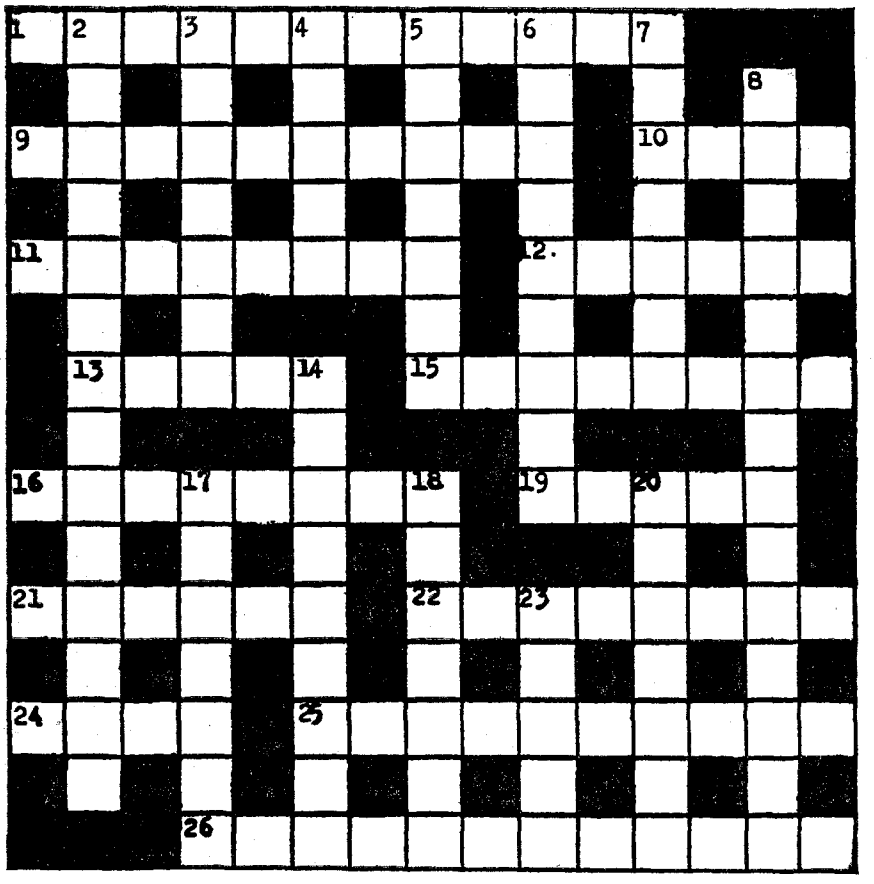
# Crossword Puzzle No. 1218

## FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Stores might be for those with toy pistols; winter sports activities might go on under them. (8,4)
9 The sort of desk confused with what might be commonly left without hesitation. (10)
10 See 5 down
11 Elicit as a shaker for salt? (8)
12 A joker, perhaps, around an absurd yarn. (6)
13 Start with crushed stone! (5)
15 Change is left up to the malignant. (8)
16 Has quite a compulsive force at introducing religious articles. (8)
19 Observes how to prepare 13? (5)
21 Hamlet's man was noble in it. (6)
22 Concerning what most women want to keep as something to do when things don't add up. (8)
24 Just mediocre entertainment. (4)
25 Looks over the washing equipment? They might provide a sense of balance. (5,5)
26 Re legal minds of this sort, one is likely to go to pieces when thrown into the conflict. (5,7)

DOWN:

2 Sounds like what some do with mint sauce, as they run away. (4,2,2,3,3)
3 No gentleman passes the best clubs recommended by them. (7)
4 Leaves from here in 3 down, perhaps. (5)
5 and 10 across where some cook and wash up? One might have been in the row, but hardly from choice. (6,5)
6 Publicity speech is a matter of habit. (9)
7 This is still broken by a word. (7)
8 The drive might be what the magazine salesman hopes to make us. (14)
14 Catch-line of the professional? (9)
17 The stand some take in debate. (7)
18 The ways of the city-dweller. (7)
20 Not quite eight in ten might draw close. (7)
23 May not sound like a real member of the religious order! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1217

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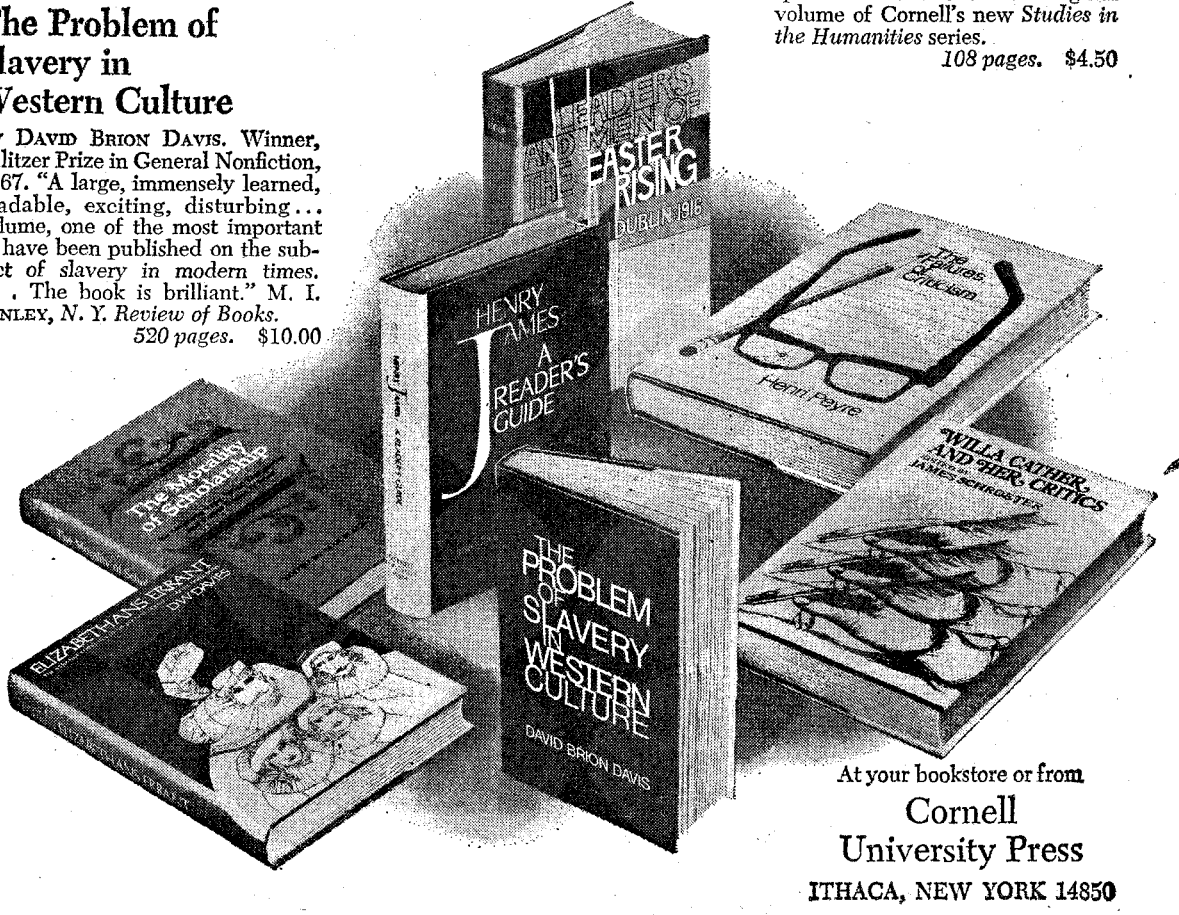


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